

Nineteenth Year—April 13, 1912

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

# The GRAPHIC



## THE WAY TO GALILEE

By J. W. FOLEY

Christ, all these creeds of theirs and mine!  
These winnowed weeds of word and sign!

These mummeries of form and place!

Lives there in these Thy gentle grace?

Wilt Thou not come again, to be  
The Truth that lighted Galilee?

Christ, all this gilt! This panoply!  
Was Thy blood spilt to ransom me,  
Or canonize the thorn and cross?

Creed deifies this ash and dross.

So wilt Thou come not soon, that we  
May learn the way to Galilee?

Christ, all this show! This pomp of kings!  
When Thou wert low with simple things;  
When fields abroad Thy temples were,

And Thou of God the minister!

Wilt Thou not come again, to prove  
The simple faith of human love?

Christ, far, how far from Calvary  
Thy temples are—the creeds there be!  
This rise and fall of creed on creed,

When Love is all the Faith we need!

Christ, wilt Thou come again and be  
Our Guide, to find us Calvary?

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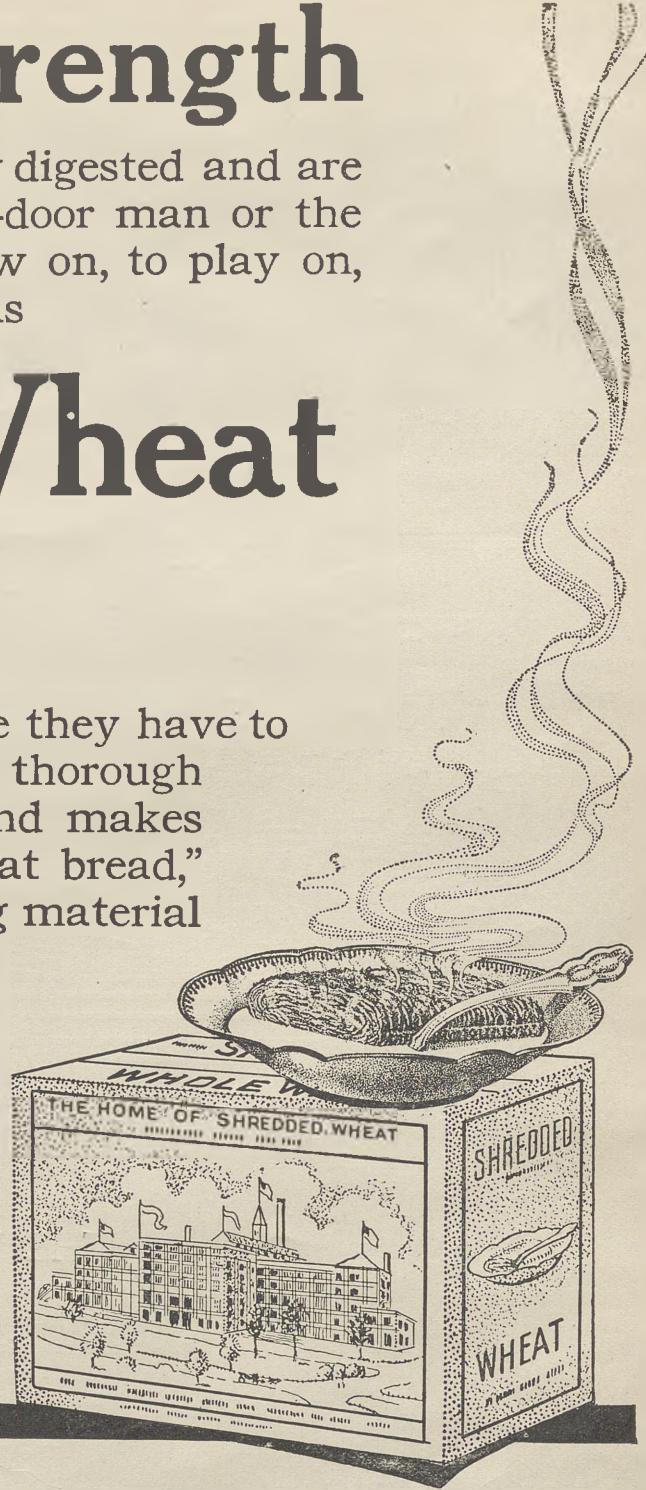
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# THE GRAPHIC

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NINETEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



## ILLINOIS' DECISION SIGNIFICANT

ROOSEVELT'S overwhelming victory in Illinois on a straight-out, anti-Lorimer basis, is significant of two things: that the people are deeply resentful of the stain on their state, as evidenced by the senatorial bribery scandal, and are equally antagonistic to a second Taft administration. Following the rejection of the President in North Dakota and Wisconsin, in both of which states popular expression left no doubt of the sentiment of the people, the folly of attempting to renominate Taft must be borne in upon the Republican leaders. More than ever the situation points to the ultimate withdrawal of the President from the contest in favor of a third candidate. By the time Missouri's preponderating vote is declared to be anti-Taft, Oregon has announced her decision, Nebraska has turned thumbs down, and California has joined Illinois, the rejection of the President will be so manifest that to force him upon the convention would be an act of political hari-kari for the party.

It would have been far better for Mr. Taft if he had lost in every district in Illinois than that the sole spot to declare for him should have been Senator Lorimer's stronghold. From the returns at hand, the Fifth congressional district, controlled by Lorimer, appears to be alone in declaring its allegiance to Taft and the inference drawn is not helpful to the President's cause. The charge that Lorimer was whitewashed in order to deliver Illinois to Taft has been repeatedly made. We reject the insinuation that the President was in tacit approval of this course, not believing he was in anywise consulted, but the results as disclosed are certainly unfortunate. The tainted senator at least demonstrated his gratitude.

Champ Clark's victory is attributed to the bitter fight made on Woodrow Wilson by the Harrison-Hearst combination, the foreign element voting solidly against the New Jersey governor. The Democrats have one chance to win this year. Should Taft succeed in forcing himself upon the convention and be opposed by Wilson, the latter in all probability would triumph at the polls. With Hughes opposing Clark, victory for the able New Yorker is almost certain. Greatly as we would deplore the selection of Clark over Wilson—considering the Hearst menace such a choice entails—if the Chicago convention selects Justice Hughes, who shall be pitted against Clark, the repudiation of the Hearst candidate, carrying so heavy an incubus, cannot be questioned.

After half a century in the public service Senator Shelby M. Cullom is placed on the retiring list. At his age—82—he should have known better than to

insist on becoming a candidate for renomination. He would have been upward of ninety by the time his new term closed, if he had lasted that long. Slippers and a cozy corner by the hearthstone with his reminiscent tablets are more in keeping with his advanced years. Governor Deneen appears to have scored an easy victory for renomination and the Democrats showed excellent judgment in choosing Judge Dunne—the best mayor Chicago has had in several decades—as the Democratic nominee to oppose Deneen. The Harrison-Hearst candidate was a bad third. All things considered, La Follette polled a handsome vote in Illinois, but it is merely complimentary. The decision by and large, while greatly encouraging to the Roosevelt forces elsewhere, really settles the candidacy of both the colonel and Taft.

## HARMONY CANDIDATE PARTY'S SOLE HOPE

SUCH a jolt as the Illinois returns have given the standpat east! Staggered by the severity of the blow the administration papers are a trifle uncertain how to meet this unexpected—to them—phase of the presidential situation, but the more astute are agreed that Illinois' decision virtually places Taft out of the running. Of the New York City papers, the Post, the Globe, and the Mail, hitherto Taft supporters, are a unit in concluding that the President's candidacy is rendered almost hopeless by the completeness of the Illinois verdict. That 56 of the 58 votes should be anti-Taft and the Lorimer-dominated Fifth district the sole spot in the state to return Taft delegates leave no room for speculative doubt as to the finality of the decision. To attempt to force a second term in the face of such a rebuff were suicidal to the party.

But is it not as equally unwise to try to supplant Taft with Roosevelt? There is just as pronounced antagonism to the former President in the party ranks as is harbored against Mr. Taft. With either one heading the ticket harmonious action is impossible. If the party is to be successful this fall it will have to be with a third candidate on whom all factions can unite, their hatchets buried fathoms deep. This is what The Graphic has been steadfastly contending for months and what the eastern papers are now beginning to discern, their inability to gauge popular sentiment being attributable to Atlantic coast insularity, the eastern propensity to ignore the great west until that major portion of the country rises up and, in the classic language of Mrs. Bob Fitzsimmons, "lands a blow under the slats!"

It is this blow which Illinois has delivered that has had the dual effect of staggering and arousing our eastern contemporaries. They find that the revolt is not confined to any one locality; that the expression in North Dakota and Wisconsin, and now Illinois is reflective of a general dissatisfaction with the administration, dating back to the earlier half of the Taft term of office. The confidence of the people which the President then lost he has never been able to regain. When he was in California the last time his advent aroused no enthusiasm; everywhere he was received with utter apathy, amounting almost to rudeness. That attitude was typical of the entire west then and the resentment has not materially abated. Mr. Taft has not the ghost of a chance to carry California May 14.

Maine—far down east Maine—has joined Illinois in a demonstration against Taft, the Pine Tree state giving her entire twelve votes to Roosevelt. That these two practically unanimous decisions will have a tendency to strengthen his candidacy in Nebraska, Oregon, Kansas, Nevada, and elsewhere in the west is a reasonable assumption. Missouri's primaries have already assured the former President a major-

ity of her thirty-six delegates, according to Governor Hadley, and South Dakota is so strongly insurgent that a Taft delegation from that state is inconceivable. Turn wherever they may the Taft forces from now on will gather little consolation in the survey. New York's uninstructed delegation offers but slim encouragement in that direction and the astute Penrose will probably follow Barnes' lead in holding Pennsylvania's delegation in check, by defeating all attempts to secure instructions. The Taft bolt has been shot. It has fallen by the wayside. The President may be able to name his successor. That is all there is left to him.

## RUEF'S LATEST BID FOR PAROLE

SAN FRANCISCO'S arch grafter and extortionist, Abraham Ruef, now serving a fourteen year sentence in San Quentin and whom a few mawkish individuals are bent on turning loose on parole, has decided to tell the story of his crimes—with a string. If he avows the whole truth it ought to prove what a worse than contemptible little scamp he is, but who expects Ruef to admit more than he is assured will help in the accomplishment of his real purpose? Naturally, the medium of the Ruef autobiography is the Bulletin, whose editor has been foremost in his appeals for Ruef's release. The San Francisco Sunday papers, however, carry the entire story, so far as released.

In the opening installment to the convict's disclosures, what is dramatically termed the "prologue," Ruef recalls his university career, his honored classmates in the law course and his associates in a civic reform club, among whom were Franklin K. Lane and John H. Wigmore, the latter now dean of Northwestern's law department, and a son of Mrs. Wigmore of Pasadena. He contrasts his present disgrace with their positions of honor in this wise: "Their words are listened to with respect; I speak only with the consent of the guards and under their censorship. They are high in the councils of men; I in the lowest degradation. They live the lives of men; I the life of a felon." He draws no conclusions, makes no further comment. The case is too obvious.

Not long did Ruef remain a civic reformer. There was no money in it! His studies soon convinced him that the way to wealth and influence lay with the machine and presently he became affiliated with it, a willing tool, at first a mere cog, later the motive power, courted by the corporations, fawned upon by the under bosses. His "clients" included the telephone and trolley companies; he dined with railroad managers, with street car magnates. He was the confidant of all the bosses and en rapport with the Big Interests. At this point the Ruef story has a to-be-continued-in-our-next affix of this peculiar framing:

The continuance to completion of the autobiography of Abraham Ruef, which would include a description of the Herrin dinner, rests with Judge Frank H. Dunne, who alone has the power to dismiss the invalid indictments against Ruef, now on his calendar.

This is explained to mean that if Judge Dunne paves the way to a parole by dismissing the reserve indictments against Ruef the remaining six chapters of the convict's story will be printed. They are said to include a recital of all the conferences with the higher-ups who were indicted for alleged bribery, but have been acquitted or have had their cases dismissed, the corruption of the public service generally, the full story of the acquisition of Pacific States and Home Telephone Company franchises through bribery, the Parkside affair and other corrupt means by which the public rights were illegally bartered

away. Ruef is not to make these interesting disclosures until the road to freedom is assured. It is evidently hoped that public sentiment, demanding the continuation of the confession, will so bear upon Judge Dunne that he will quash the indictments. It is a pretty cute play.

If we had any confidence in Ruef's honesty of purpose we would urge upon Judge Dunne the advisability of taking the little scamp at his word and by dismissing the indictments permit the story of his contemptible chicanery to be made public to the end that his ensnared associates might be revealed in all their bald ugliness. Who knows, however, if this is not another resort to trick the judge into paving the way for his parole?

It seems to *The Graphic* that in giving the detailed account of his crimes against the city and the state Abe Ruef is merely strengthening the public conviction that his proper place is behind prison bars for the full term of his sentence. He was the principal in all the graft cases uncovered and if the smaller fry escaped the law's penalty while he alone was enmeshed, for once justice was poetically administered. By all means let us have the confession in full and having digested it then let us consign the author to that oblivion which he has so richly earned.

#### CAPTAIN SCOTT'S SUCCESS UNDOUBTED

**N**OBODY can read the plain, straightforward account of Captain Scott's explorations in the Antarctic regions and not be convinced that the British officer was in no sense bent on a race for the south pole. He was in the field largely to pursue scientific research work with the pole as an ultimate goal, but merely incidental to the main objects of the expedition. This is borne in upon one by reading of the careful plans to protect all survey parties, the establishing of various supply camps, the absence of feverish haste in making the final "last leg" of the journey, the British thoroughness everywhere apparent.

It was not "anything to beat Amundsen," who was known to be headed southward, but how best to accomplish the desired objects, before entering upon the only spectacular portion of the undertaking? A careful following of the Scott expedition shows that from November 2, 1911, to January 3, 1912, it traversed 600 miles in sixty days, from McMurdo Bay to a point within 150 miles of the pole, when the party divided, Captain Scott and a picked few continuing the journey south, the others returning to the base of supplies, thence to civilization, bringing the full story of the explorations to the date of separation.

Conviction is strong that the careful and thorough leader did not turn back until he had reached the goal of his ambition. When his party was divided all were in good health and spirits. Captain Scott had provisions for a month and as he expected to average 15 miles a day he should have attained the ninetieth parallel within ten days, barring accidents. Long ago, doubtless, he achieved his hopes, but it will be many months before news of his success or failure reaches the civilized world. His determination to stay in the Antarctic wilds for another winter is characteristic of British pluck. That he will come home laden with scientific data and with indubitable proof of his arrival at the south pole who can question?

#### HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS IMPUGNED

**W**E HAVE long labored under the impression that San Francisco rejoiced in a fairly good educational system and that her high schools in particular were admirably conducted and yielded the most satisfactory results in point of scholarship. How egregiously at fault is this estimate it has remained for Dr. Burke of the San Francisco Normal School to reveal, our confidence having been rudely disturbed by the transcript he has made of certain answers in examination papers that came under his notice, submitted by high school students.

Dr. Burke tells us for example that so leading a public figure as Senator Robert La Follette is represented on one of the papers as "a Frenchman of the fourteenth century who explored." This answer, of

course, is only a matter of six centuries agley. La Follette's Huguenot French origin may be conceded, but his "exploring," Governor Johnson might allow, is of twentieth century time and is mainly for votes. We should give that scholar approximate credit marks. Booker T. Washington as the assassin of Lincoln is hardly close enough to warrant a credit. Beyond the first three letters which suggest Booth the student was hopelessly lost. Charles Darwin is recorded as "one of the plotters against Scotland, in the time of Mary, Queen of Scots." Presumably, the high school student brain had a vague recollection of that Darnley who had the honor to be Queen Mary of Scotland's husband and his guess was a brave struggle to meet the question. Of Samuel Gompers as a "king of the Democrats," Gifford Pinchot as a "great French politician" and Porfirio Diaz as an "early Portuguese explorer" we attempt no deductive inferences. Silence is the only recourse.

But are these "answers" typical or merely isolated examples of ignorance by freak pupils? We call upon Superintendent of Schools Roncovieri of San Francisco to relieve our harrowed feelings by instantly refuting the base reflections on his educational system or forever to hold his peace. We can understand allusion to Dennis Kearney as a celebrated soldier who fell in battle in the Civil War, and the declaration that Robert Louis Stevenson is a United States senator accused of bribing his way into congress, but to crown Samuel Gompers a king in democratic and labor-ridden San Francisco is too much. We shall have to revise our estimate.

#### CONTROL OF STREETS PROPERLY PLACED

**O**F VAST importance to California municipalities is the decision of the United States supreme court requiring public utility corporations to obtain franchises in order to use the public streets. The contention of the corporations was that under the state constitution they had a right to occupy the streets without interference from the municipal authorities and without their supervision save in regard to "police regulation." The concrete case decided was that of Pomona versus the Sunset Telephone Company. The latter claimed that as a telegraph company it was engaged in interstate business, hence was not subject to local jurisdiction. This view the highest court in the land contravenes, holding that while the state law gave it a right-of-way for its main through lines in the streets of Pomona it could not maintain the poles and wires by which it connects with local subscribers.

This, we believe, is in line with the intention of the legislature in framing the statute and although the court dismisses the bill without prejudice the decision, so far as it goes, establishes a precedent that affects every other California municipality where a similar question was involved. Had the contention of the telephone company been sustained, every public utility company in the state might have occupied the public streets without asking permission of the various city authorities and, in effect, would control the streets in lieu of the people. This would have been retroactive legislation and pernicious interpretation with a vengeance, the latter calling for the Roosevelt application without delay.

Pasadena, together with Los Angeles and other municipalities, is deeply interested in the outcome of the case since it is the contention of the administration that the Sunset Telephone Company occupies the city streets without a franchise and it has been given six months in which to comply with the edict that only one telephone system shall have the right to operate in this city. By the end of June either the Sunset must vacate or arrange to take over the Home Telephone properties and acquire its franchise. It is understood that tentative arrangements are pending to this end which the United States supreme court decision is likely to accelerate. The recent acquisitions of the Pacific States Company in the northern part of the state point to the establishing of a monopoly line and the elimination of the Home Telephone. If this means the eventual suppression of the automatic 'phone the public ser-

vice will be weakened to that extent. It is a great time-saving, temper-preserving device which has proved its decided superiority over the central connection system. City Attorney Carr, who, in conjunction with the city attorney of Los Angeles, prepared the briefs for the appellant, in the case just decided, is entitled to congratulations on his masterly handling of the points.

#### CHAMP CLARK MENACE

**C**ALIFORNIA cannot afford to join Illinois in the Democratic choice made for presidential nominee. Back of the Champ Clark candidacy stands ever the grotesque figure of his newspaper backer and financial angel, William Randolph Hearst, whose controlling voice in national administration affairs—should the Missourian by an unexpected fluke land in the White House—would be unspeakably exasperating to every self-respecting American. The mental spectacle of Hearst's "I Did It!" on the first pages of his personal organs, whenever a piece of national legislation of any importance was effected, is enough to nauseate the average citizen to an acute degree. Heaven save the country from such an experience! His present ego is in enough sickening evidence.

Aside from this repugnant manifestation is the menace to the country in an executive who is content to place his political fortunes in the hands of so dangerous a demagogue as this unconscionable megalomaniac, Hearst. It is deplorable when men of intelligence and discernment lend themselves to his blatant methods to the extent of championing the Clark movement, which is really the Hearst cause. These same Democrats, would be the first to resent the empiric efforts of any other self-advertiser to belaud himself, yet they suffer the Hearst trumpetings, apparently, without recourse to ear-stuffing remedies. Surely, the Hearst egotistes must revolt every fiber of their better selves.

Moreover, the contemptible tactics of Hearst in his attacks upon Woodrow Wilson should be resented by every Democrat holding genuine respect for his political organization. Governor Wilson is an honor to the party of the Jeffersonian faith who has been vilified and abused by the Hearst papers in Illinois and elsewhere to an unpardonable extent, even in a presidential campaign. Through it all the governor has borne himself with admirable poise and dignity, wisely refraining from indulging in recriminative language, although strongly tempted. The one flaying he administered Hearst in Illinois last week, just prior to leaving the state, was entirely pardonable, but too mild. Think of foisting such a mountebank upon the country as the Champ Clark power-behind-the-throne advisor!

#### BALBOA PARK FOR THE GABBLERS

**W**E DESIRE to commend to San Diego's attention the sensible preaching of Dr. Charles Edwin Locke of Los Angeles, who suggests that it is much cheaper, much safer to permit men to shoot off their mouths rather than bombs. And since the constitutions of the United States and of California guarantee free speech, free assembly, free petition and free press he would advise against the abduction of editors and recommend, in addition, the example of Cleveland, which municipality has erected free forums in the principal city park, "where all and sundry" who are so minded may gabble to their heart's content.

This strikes us as the soundest bit of common sense Dr. Locke has perpetrated from the pulpit to our knowledge. He is not always so pertinent, not always so perspicacious in treating of mundane things. It is an axiom that what one cannot have legally, he craves to possess by illegal process and the disposition to "gabble," undeterred of the police, is one of his chief longings. Why not profit by Cleveland's example? The new Balboa Park, while inside the city limits of San Diego, has a large area, much of it at a respectable distance from the business district. Set aside a portion of this public domain for the Gabblerites and there let them, by city

ordinance authorized, shout and shout and shout! As in London's Hyde Park the soap box orators may hold forth until they are hoarse or black in the face and nobody will mind. Of course, the police will be in attendance to preserve order, but not to interfere with the Gabblers—their utterances may not be choked.

Chalk off a five-acre section if necessary, give them free license to bark in that pen, but no more street demonstrations, no more corner lot tirades. There will be an exodus to Balboa Park for a time—until the novelty is outworn—but the Gabblers will soon be talking only to their kind and that will not affect the community adversely. Plenty of outdoors, a high, windy spot preferably and as far removed from the congested center as the park limits will allow, we would suggest. With this compromise in effect the I. W. W.'s would quickly subside. They will have no zest for that which is authorized by law.

#### WORTHLESS STRAW VOTE BANALITY

**W**HAT a waste of money and energy the banal straw vote entails! This year the desire to forestall public sentiment at the polls has developed into a craze among newspapers publishers from New York to California. A careful study of these unofficial declarations reveals that whatever the newspaper's policy, in that direction lie the returns tabulated. Thus, the New York Evening Post, anti-Roosevelt, finds the country as reflected in the newspapers, declaring for Taft by a vote of 187 to 70. If the Post had been pro-Roosevelt we haven't the slightest doubt that the statistics gathered would have been similarly colored.

How worthless the table as an index of the actual sentiment prevalent is seen in the Illinois column, which is for Taft by 7 to 6. In the light of a two to one vote for Roosevelt Tuesday the true value of the Post's figures becomes apparent. Indiana's ratio is 16 to 3 in favor of Taft, yet the vote in the convention was so close that only by allowing the contested Taft delegates to pass in judgment on their own cases was it possible to get a majority for the President. Oklahoma, which has recorded its primary vote for Roosevelt, is credited as favoring Taft and Oregon is for Taft by 12 to 1, yet there is little prospect of the President carrying the Webfoot state.

California seems to have nine publishers for Taft to six for Roosevelt. Ergo, California is for Taft. But how far from the actual condition of affairs is that apparent reflex! Having no pro-Taft nor yet pro-Roosevelt inclinations The Graphic cannot be accused of partisanship in declaring its belief that the colonel will carry the state by 50,000 majority May 14, which means 26 delegates to add to the 50-odd piled up in Illinois yesterday. Truth is, the Post straw vote was obtained where it was wanted, not to point a moral, but to adorn a tale. It is as valueless as scores of others that have been printed and which have proved nothing.

#### GRAPHITES

Michigan offers a pretty object lesson to the country why neither Taft nor Roosevelt should be named. The disgraceful proceedings at Bay City, where the state convention is in session, indicates what sort of harmony the party may expect later if Chicago indorses either of the two leading candidates.

Watch Mayor Gaynor of New York as candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination. His state has informally declared for him and he measures up well. Either he or Wilson would be of credit to the country in case of democratic success next November.

Anthracite coal strikers are less pugnacious and the operatives more conciliatory. It is the rift in the clouds. The evidence of a sensible getting together. Great Britain has set a good example in this regard.

How Los Angeles must envy San Francisco! The latter city has voted \$8,800,000 for a civic center which includes a municipal auditorium. Los Angeles is debarred by official pledges from voting any more bonds for a year. How thoughtless!

#### SHAW'S WORKS CAVIAR TO PARIS

By a misprint in my article on Louis Dumas and the Grand Prix de Rome I was made to say "My readers know that I have faith in prize competitions." What I intended to say was "My readers know that I have *no* faith in prize compositions." Fortunately, it is rare that such a small slip changes so entirely the sense of a phrase, for misprints are not uncommon and it is impossible to go back and correct them after the work has once appeared. As to prize competitions, the success of "La Lepreuse" has caused all kinds of a row because it seems that this excellent work was one of the operas submitted for the Prix de Paris, 15,000 francs! The opera that was given the prize was called "Elsen" and was pretty poor stuff. It was performed, and proved to be a complete failure. Of course, nothing much was said at the time, but when "La Lepreuse" was at last performed and proved to be at least a much better work than Elsen there was a howl. As usual, everybody jumped on the umpire,—I mean the judges,—said they were no good, that composers themselves, some of them, wanted to keep a talented rival down. Several of the greatest of French musicians were asked their opinion and gave it. It was that prize competitions never proved anything yet, never yet brought to light a genius, and were best all in the scrap-heap. To which I most heartily say "Amen!" For it is not only that they do no good, they often do harm. I know more than one good man who has been simply ruined by winning a prize. It usually results in a bad case of swelled head and the mental unbalance that goes with the saddest of all diseases. Instead of working patiently to be something after winning a prize the winner generally thinks "I'm it" and becomes careless in his work, thinking everything he does is good, and gradually getting disgruntled because the world does not keep forever singing his praises. This is just what happened to Mascagni after he won the Sonzogno prize with his "Cavalleria," and it is just what has happened to many other men of less note.

Bernard Shaw has been tried several times in Paris and always with the same result: failure or something like it. This, of course, is just what a person who knows both Shaw and Paris and the Parisians might expect. The fact is only interesting because it shows so well what the Parisian is. It is not sufficient to say that he is frivolous, that he wants to be amused, that he has no stomach for philosophy, etc. Those things may be true, but they are only partly true, and the Parisian is not so bad as we like to believe. The Parisian that the summer visitor sees certainly has little enough in his brain, but would it be fair to judge the whole of America by Coney Island, Fourth of July night? Certainly not, and it is no more fair to judge Paris by the crowd one sees on the boulevards and in the amusement gardens and halls in summer. The real Paris is made up of the thousands of stay-at-home people who have no money for such places as we Americans with our well-filled pocket books and our holiday spirit visit. These people are many of them fairly well educated. They read and understand, they like problems, and they go to the plays of the best French problem writers with genuine pleasure. Yet they do not like Shaw, and they do not like Ibsen or any of the other great writers of the north.

The reason is purely the point of view. That which simply horrifies an American seems the most natural thing in the world to a Frenchman. They find our strong feelings about certain things rather ridiculous, and very often set them down to bluff or affectation. It would be altogether impossible to convince a Frenchman of the genuineness of our punctilious feeling of honor in insignificant matters. Yet I would be the last in the world to call this sympathetic people dishonest. They simply cannot be exact in their dealings. And this is true not only in business matters but in social life as well. The Frenchman is an incorrigible flirt and will flirt as soon with the wife of his friend as with a stranger. French farces always have this as their point of departure, and the consequence is that the French people cannot understand Shaw. Had he written his plays in Mars or in another far away planet they could not be any more impossible for these people to understand.

"Candida" was tried here last year. Neither the actors nor the public understood it. The actors tried to make a silly farce of it; the people took it the same way and said it was a mighty poor farce, for which surely no one can blame them. And so this play, which is one of the deepest pieces of character study that have been written in years, was almost a complete failure. The character of Candida and of Candida's husband were both equally impossible for the French people to understand. The feelings which impelled them to act the way they did were altogether incomprehensible to the audiences that crowded to see the play out of curiosity.

Recently, "Mrs. Warren's Profession" was tried.

I believe it is still playing. I am told that the audiences are very small. Curiosity is satisfied. Shaw is not for the French. The papers, one and all, took this play again for a farce. One paper said that Shaw wanted the public to scream with laughter, and that it only smiled, therefore the play was a failure. Now, that shows exactly the French point of view, the French method. The critic does not want to understand Shaw. Instead of making a careful study of the matter so as to give his readers a square deal, as the critic does at home, he simply refuses to bother himself about understanding this wild Irishman. It is not that the French people do not want to be taught. On the contrary, if Shaw were a Frenchman the critics would try their best to give him a fair show. It is really disgusting over here how they worship the idols they have themselves set up. The few authors who have attempted to imitate Ibsen in giving the people plays that are deeper than the ordinary have won all the honor they deserve and more, and yet the real master, Ibsen, has always been a failure here.

Truth is, the French people possess to a most unusual degree the faculty of closing their sympathies as a bivalve closes its shell and simply refusing to hear or see anything that seems dangerous to the foolish tradition that France is the only nation on earth. There are one or two papers here that point out constantly the foolishness of this method. But these papers get little credit and less thanks for their pains. France recently discovered that the real inventor of the aeroplane was a Frenchman. It is laughable enough to mention a dozen times, and to the student of mental characteristics it furnishes interesting material toward understanding the working of the French brain. The result of this discovery, and possibly the reason for it, has been a great wave of enthusiasm for aviation. France is to have a fleet of 5,000 aeroplanes. They say that they are the inventors of flying, that there have been no other flyers except themselves and that American records cannot be believed, that American bluff is well known, and that the Wrights are doing nothing and have never done anything that the French have not done before them and better. Can you imagine any people talking such childish nonsense? And the worst of it is that they actually believe it. Can you wonder then that such primitive minds are altogether beneath Shaw and Ibsen?

There is another point. The very foundation of French life is the thing that most of us at home find most contemptible: the marriage of interest. A man will not think of marrying if the girl does not have some money. If she has enough to live on in proper style the man at once drops his work if he ever had any. Now, the basis of more than one novel in English has been this very thing reversed: the poor young man who loves the heiress, but will not even propose to her because he is ashamed to live on her money. Of course, it would be ridiculous to assert that all Americans feel this way about it. Still, there is a sort of feeling among us that a man ought to work even if he has a rich wife. And in most cases with us a man with a rich wife will, at least, do his best to make her happy. Over here there is no such feeling. Once the wife's fortune is fairly bagged the man goes ahead his own way, and in many cases the woman does the same. They keep up a sort of show, it is true, but if there is too much mutual devotion they are simply laughed at. And this is true not only of the people of the smart set, but of the lower stratas of society as well. Even if the wife brings her husband only a grocery store he feels himself in no way bound by oath not to flirt with his stenographer. And as for people murdering each other for breach of the marriage vow, that never happens. A man will kill his mistress or a woman her lover, but between man and wife such feelings do not exist.

Is it not evident from this that the French nation as a whole can never take works by foreigners at their true value? If it is not prejudice it is mere incomprehension. Our laws are the same as theirs, but our feelings and sentiments are entirely different. The things which really govern us are as impossible to the French mind as their freedom is to us. Of course at first it is rather shocking. One hears conversations that seem altogether impossible among decent people. Over and over again you are made to blush by remarks that we would never think of making. Then you find a moment later that you have given offense by a remark to you and from your point of view perfectly harmless. If you argue the matter, as I have done once or twice just for the fun of it, you soon find that it is impossible to come to any understanding whatever. You look at things from points of view that are irreconcilable. And there the matter ends. Our lighter order of plays are given over here with success, but when a play is based on our real depth of feeling in social matters, it fails.

FRANK PATTERSON.

Paris, March 20, 1912.

## Knowledge of Sex Essential to Growing Child—By W. C. Phillips

IT IS a fact that a knowledge of the generalities of life and the theories of its existence on the earth have been so far the most neglected studies in the scholastic curricula of this country. The more idealistic studies (in opposition to the realistic studies) have been given full sway in the building up of the mentality of the child and, either through lack of time or through an excuse of prudery, the children of this generation—the parents of the generations to come—have been trained in ideals rather than in realities. The ideal is taught and received with avidity. Pleasure is taken in the fact that your child has finished his first year of Latin or entered upon the study of advanced algebra, while no thought is taken of how he is progressing in the study of the world in which he finds himself to be such an infinitesimal unit, or the reasons for the past generations of evolution in civilization and the future generations and their evolution. No, the child learns that he is on the earth for a certain short space of time and that nothing which has happened to cause him to be there, or to cause his descendants to people the earth in the future has anything to do with the boy or girl and those around him today.

Naturally, this knowledge is connected closely with the knowledge of sex and it is upon that subject and the manner in which it should be taught, that this article is written. But, before the value of this can be appreciated it is of great importance that prevents and teachers see for themselves the necessity of such a knowledge. That such a necessity exists and that it is one of the most important factors in the building up of the nation is self-evident when we look around us and see the terrible results for which an ignorant and prudish pedagogy and parenthood have become responsible. To many, to use the word "responsible," may seem to be too strong a statement of the case, too strong an accusation to make; but, if it is not those who place themselves in the parental position or those who are appointed to educate our children in the ways in which they should walk through life, who are responsible for the deplorable state of affairs in which we live nowadays? On whom can the blame be placed? On the children who err in ignorance and out of an unsatisfied curiosity or on the parents whose bounden duty it is to warn the young idea of the results of an evil life?

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All sin, all disease, all offenses committed against the future of the race have their origin in ignorance, an ignorance of the natural laws which govern all human action. Even as a violation of Nature has its own reward in our systems and even as we know in ourselves that such laws have been violated and that we—in virtue of our ascendancy over the lower forms of evolution, do know better—so does the existence of social evils in a community, the members of which openly profess and call themselves Christians and proclaim themselves to be made is the image of God, leave a dark and noisy stain for all to see, would they but open their eyes. But, such is the nature of our civilization-choked beings, that, being blind we think we see and, having knowledge, we are content to be blind.

When one of our sons becomes infected in consequence of this ignorance, what do we do? Send for a doctor and hush the matter up. When cured, the patient generally takes upon himself the attitude of a man who has accomplished something in the world, and assumes the role of a bravado, when the sting of self-pity and remorse has abated, and openly brags of his shameful share in the furthering of national unfairness. When one or another enters upon divorce proceedings (divorce is generally caused through a lack of sexual knowledge) and wins the case—full publicity is given both through the press and through the usual public channels and there is little sting felt. The attitude of the first Teacher of human love has been forgotten and we—like the Pharisees—fling stones with our already soiled hands.

\* \* \*

When the case of our neighbor's son being convicted of a crime against the laws of man comes to our notice, what do we do then? Branded by prison forever—his family living always in deadly fear of being found out wherever they may seek a new home—he is lost. His share of the good things of life will be shame,—a life-long shame—a punishment out of all proportion to the crime. For, who is the greater sinner? The man who injures himself and possibly one other or the man who injures the race? One man suffers and is punished—the other, who causes the degradation of countless

thousands of descendants, remains a free man and a "man of honor and upright dealing." Is this our boasted Christianity?

And the remedy is simple through the channels of that much neglected virtue, humility. Supposing every man or woman infected with any venereal disease was made to wear a badge of shame when walking in public places or was placed in a penitentiary for the correction of such evils for a certain length of time, would statistics show an increase or decrease in the number of such cases in ten years' time? If such a law could be passed and put into effect—I know that owing to the weakness of human nature and the fact that so many man have had one or other of these diseases the passing of such a reform would be very difficult—there would be so marked a difference in a year's time that all nations would soon see the wisdom of adopting such a regulation. Moreover, the idea is not impracticable.

The convict in our penitentiaries—innocent or guilty—has to wear a badge of shame as part of the punishment for his crime, but the physically impure man or woman may walk unmolested in our most public places and spread the foul disease in every way. We take care that those mentally afflicted may be duly herded together and we wage continual war against tuberculosis, but we are utterly self-blinded to the care and extermination of those venereally diseased and even allow those purporting to cure such cases to make an evil living by preying upon the mentality of those afflicted. We disregard in nearly every way the fact that prevention is better than cure and the golden ideal that a clean body is the best help toward a clean mind and a clean mind toward a clean race. What a picture—a clean race!

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What is the main reason for the present prevalence of these hideous diseases! Prudery upon the part of those entrusted with the upbringing of the parents of the future generations and a false fear of telling them anything concerning the natural functions of the human body. The child becomes naturally curious at a certain age and, unless he (or she) is fore-armed, will endeavor to find out for himself the meanings of these unknown concepts in a way which is as unpleasant as it is detrimental to his best interests.

It is said, and with some small truth, that the difficulties of teaching this all-important subject of sexual use and abuse to children are so great that it is almost better to leave the matter alone and not endeavor to save the race. The writer agrees heartily that sex, as sex, is a subject which, in its teaching is fraught with almost insurmountable difficulties. This idea is prevalent because sex is taught as a separate subject and at an age when the child is beginning to guess at or know of the so-called mysteries of life. In reality, the child should have been conversant with such matters for years before the age of puberty, when Nature endeavors to explain her methods in a perfectly natural and scientific manner to her insurgent children. But, if the child is not given a knowledge of the mechanism of the human reproductive system how can this branch be explained so that he can understand it? No one would be so illogical as to endeavor to teach Cicero before the pupil had mastered the elements of grammar or quadratics before factors in algebra, and yet this course is followed in every place where sex has any position in the scholastic curriculum.

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Let the child, at an early age, and before the secretions of the prostatic gland have had their reactions upon the centers of the brain which are occupied with sexual affairs, become thoroughly conversant with the facts of sexual and asexual development among our more primitive ancestors and the occupants of the plant world—in short, give him or her a course of elementary biology with a special stress laid upon the facts and functions of the reproductive organs and a knowledge that the same process is continued in nature's most advanced children, with no mystery or sentimental silence concerning the most wonderful action existing in the world, and this familiarity will breed, not a contempt, but a love and a knowledge of what to avoid and how to avoid it.

The age at which it has been customary to tell children of the functions of the reproductive organs—whenever this has been done—has been at that of puberty and then the facts have been told to minds utterly unprepared to receive them owing to a lack of knowledge of scientific names and nomenclature. More than half the terms used by children to express their organs of reproduction are

slang words which would sound ill in the mouth of either pupil or instructor. If the latter has to devote half the time allotted for a lesson in explaining the meanings of the words he has to use to denote such organs, the real value of the lesson is lost. It is therefore proposed to make such a study a two-year course with the possibility of a year more on theories of race and general eugenics. It will be seen then, that it is advisable to begin the studies at an earlier age than that of the age of puberty or the high school age, as at present advocated. Let the child begin at the age of eight and then, at the time when his curiosity is aroused he will have such a complete knowledge of the subject, that what is now a mystery to be discussed behind closed doors and in secret places with lowered voices will be as open a subject as any in the child's course of education.

One thing must be remembered in teaching this subject and that is an attitude of absolute fearlessness upon the part of the teacher and a readiness and ability to answer the innumerable questions which the child mind will evolve. Then and then only, can we look for a complete work and the beginning of a socially pure race.

Let us endeavor to save the child from that all too bitter first experience in following blind instincts which has been the stepping stone to so much misery. Let us seek the future of the race by improving our own stock and not by trusting our own children's sanctity while we forget our own youth. We believe that we are made in the image of the Creator. Let us then create and lead the multitude who follow and produce the multitudes to be from clean minds and clean loins.

W. C. PHILLIPS.

Pasadena, Cal., April 10, 1912.

### CHARLES FROHMAN'S LITTLE JOKE

**E**THEL BARRYMORE has recently been introduced to the New York public in a new role—that of producing manager. The words "Miss Barrymore presents" which appear on the bills, determine her eligibility, and she is now a member of the association of theatrical managers and producers. The first night Mr. Frohman had his little joke with the audience. He had advertised that Miss Barrymore would revive Hubert Henry Davies' comedy "Cousin Kate" and the novelty would be added to the bill, but he refused to give any details concerning the novelty. It would interfere with enjoyment of it, he said. The programs of the first performance mentioned Cousin Kate and those whose curiosity was aroused felt a desire to indulge in weeping and gnashing of teeth. This was not abated by the appearance of the stage manager before the curtain with the announcement that "a few rising young members of the school of acting connected with this theater" would appear in a piece called "A Slice of Life." However, when the curtain rose upon an empty stage and when shortly there appeared the familiar face of Hattie Williams disappointment gave way to appreciation and the audience settled itself back to enjoying a delightful little play in which J. M. Barrie pokes fun at modern plays and modern stage conventions and Miss Barrymore and her all-star cast at acting as it is occasionally done.

\* \* \*

Miss Williams must start the plot going. She is alone on the stage. How will she do it? Ah, the telephone, a modern convenience without which no modern play is complete. Quickly, she takes down the receiver and demands that a hypothetical person at the other end ask who she is. I am Frederika, butler to Mrs. Hyphen-Brown, she says. Ah, the newspaper! At once she searches it for an item which will bear upon the plot. A telegram has been sent by a wag to twelve well known men about town saying "All is discovered. Fly at once." And all twelve leave hurriedly by the next train. Ah! thinks Frederika, a wonderful idea. How nice to try it on master! But how shall she convey her idea to the audience? If she indulges in a soliloquy her mistress will discharge her without a character. Ah! there is a woolly dog on the mantelpiece. Quickly, Frederika secures it and placing it on the table before her confides to the dog her plan. It is the work of a moment to find in the waste paper basket a telegram addressed to Mr. Hyphen-Brown, to erase the writing, to scrawl the fatal words and place the missive on Mr. Hyphen-Brown's breakfast plate.

\* \* \*

Then comes Mrs. Hyphen Brown, who confides her identity to the telephone, and Mr. Hyphen-Brown who confides his to the bell rope. "Let us have

"breakfast" says Mrs. Hyphen-Brown. "Always breakfast" says Mr. Hyphen-Brown — "Together," says Mrs. Brown. "Together, always together" murmurs Mr. Brown. He discovers the telegram and overcome with agitation staggers backward and forward across the room. "What is the matter?" asks Mrs. Hyphen-Brown. "Nothing," he answers, "absolutely nothing," staggering from the room. The plotting Frederika looking through the keyhole, edified by the preparations she sees conceives the idea of sending the telegram to mistress. She picks it up from the floor where master has conveniently dropped it, hastily scrawls "Mrs." and offers it to Mrs. Hyphen-Brown. Instantly, Mrs. Brown retires. The lights are lowered for a second and then in the darkness come the sounds of stealthy figures moving. The lights flare up and Mr. and Mrs. Hyphen-Brown confront each other guiltily, the one staggers under the weight of a mammoth suitcase, the other with something that might hold cigars.

\* \* \*

Then come explanations. They are going because they have been living double lives. Each confesses to a past when they were married, "But" says Mr. Hyphen-Brown, "I have always been a moral man," and says Mrs. Hyphen-Brown with broken voice, "I was good and pure even before I met you." And there is no need of both going. They decide to toss a penny to see which it shall be. The lot falls to Mr. Hyphen-Brown who asks as he goes out of the door, "What about the child?" "There is no child" says Mrs. Hyphen-Brown. "Oh, I forgot" he says. And they both go "out into the light."

\* \* \*

The piece is played with a fine sense of burlesque. Miss Barrymore's Delsartian gestures and sinuous turns are a delight to behold. Cousin Kate is played delightfully. The piece seems a trifle thin after the lapse of time, but it is still charming. Cousin Kate, writer of cynical novels, finds that she is in love with a man whom she has just met and afterward discovers he is her pretty little cousin's fiance. As she is grieving at the death of her romance she discovers that the cousin is delighted to be released from her engagement that she may pass her life in company with the curate, a truly good man. The company plays with a nice sense of values and the cast is excellent including Mrs. Whiffen, that fine old veteran, whose very presence on the stage insures at least respectful attention for acting as an art. Leslie Faber as Heath Desmond plays well, but he is very boyish-looking for a mature woman to fall in love with at first sight. Jane May depicts the conscientious young girl very well and Ernest Stalla gives us the traditional curate with all his earmarks.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, April 8, 1912.

## TRIO OF SPRING-TIME SONGS

## California

Beloved land of golden light,  
Beside the tranquil western sea,  
Thy orange blossoms, bridal-white,  
Breathe love's rapt ecstasy.  
The fragrance of thy myriad flowers  
Fills the vales and woodland bowers,  
Beloved land of golden light  
With living dreams bedight.

Beloved land of golden light,  
Beside thy silver singing streams  
The hills, with flaming poppies bright,  
Lie wrapt in golden dreams.  
The orchard trees are bourgeoning,  
A meadow-lark is caroling—  
A nightingale in deep delight  
Voices thy joy aight.

## Blossom-Time

A tinted bud on a leafless tree,  
The low, low note of a wee brown bird,  
A brook that leaps in the meadows free—  
And the heart of the warm earth stirred!

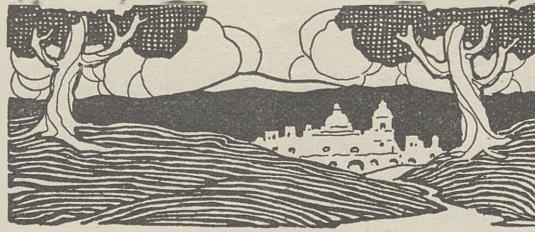
A little dream in a lonely breast.  
The low, low sound of a whispered word,  
A pulse that leaps with a maddened zest—  
And the heart of a maiden stirred!

## Love's Gift

Your joy, O bird in the meadow,  
Your chant, O brook in the wood,  
Your sadness, fern in the shadow,  
My soul ne'er understood,  
Until, with a plaintive sighing,  
Love came by a wildwood way,  
And hearing its low replying—  
Stole my heart one day!  
But for the heart, Love gave me  
A bitter-sweet gift to keep—  
Of nature's pain and ecstasy  
An understanding deep.

—EDITH DALEY.

## By the Way



## Times' Animus to John McKinney

Several of John G. McKinney's club friends and business associates have asked me to account for the apparent animus that pervaded the published reports in the Times, of the taking of testimony in Justice Young's court prior to the holding of Mr. McKinney and his chauffeur to the grand jury, on a charge of manslaughter. The victim, it will be recalled, was a ranchman living near Compton, who, the doctors tell me, died from fatty degeneration of the heart, after working himself into a great rage following the crossing of his field by the McKinney automobile at the time of the aviation races. I am in a position to explain the Times' attitude. I can recall, eight or ten years ago, the protest offered by Mr. McKinney against the publishing of fake advertising concerns in the local press, in which the Times was the worst offender. As Mr. McKinney's letters on the subject were ignored and the practice was continued, the head of the Ice and Cold Storage company referred the offense to the Merchants' and Manufacturers' association, or the Chamber of Commerce—I forget which body—with the result that a peremptory official request was forwarded that had the desired effect. For the deprivation of income the Times, seemingly, has never forgiven the well-meaning Los Angeles citizen and the present is the first chance that has offered to rap him for what was regarded as unwarranted interference.

## Charley Willard Gets Full Award

I am rejoiced to note that Charley Willard has been awarded the full amount of the damages he sued to recover from the Valley Gas company whose employee's careless work resulted in the explosion that destroyed his pretty home in San Rafael Heights, together with all the contents, a year or so ago. Mr. Willard asked for \$13,000, every dollar of which was allowed by Judge Hutton. I happen to know that the house was stored with fine reference books, with articles having great historic value and many articles of vertu that money could not replace. Of course, the \$6,000 that Mr. Willard collected from his insurance will have to be repaid out of his award, but the remaining \$7,000, less his lawyer's fee will be helpful in replenishing his depleted stock of books, a large and well-selected library to a man of his literary labors being of prime requisite.

## One More for Memorial Tablet

Sunset Club members will long remember the interest the late Major Henry T. Lee took in the septennial memorial exercises at Los Cocomites, in 1910, the Slauson-Macneil ranch out at Azusa, where the Sunset Club meets every seven years to pay tribute to its honored dead. A bronze tablet affixed to a mighty oak of veteran proportions contains the names in bas relief of the Sunsetters who have gone before, and now the Major's honored name is to be added. What a capital story-teller he was! How modest concerning his own exploits! How humorous his illustrations! How tolerant, how charitable in all things. He was greatly beloved by the club and we shall miss his ruddy face, his cheery words beyond expression at future gatherings.

## Huntington Plans in Abeyance

Howard E. Huntington is home from Europe, but I doubt if he is to return to his former duties as manager of the Los Angeles Railway Company. His leave will not expire for another six months, and the time is to be devoted to additional rest. Mr. Huntington's vitality was at a low ebb when he went away last year, and in order to guard against relapse he will continue to husband his strength. His father does not appear to have decided to return to Los Angeles in a hurry, and several of his most important plans are held up, pending his arrival. In fact, it will not be surprising to learn that the elder Mr. Huntington is completing negotiations for the sale of control of the Los Angeles Railway to outsiders. Not that this is to take place in a hurry,—perhaps, not at all—but it is intimated that in the present state of the public mind Mr. Huntington does not feel warranted in finishing

certain plans he had practically started. The building of the Huntington sky scraper at Twelfth and Hill streets is one of the delayed projects.

## Gen. Lea's Unearned Honors

How about this from the Los Angeles Times, whose military editor must have talked Spanish to his managing editor when he read the following nonsense:

Gen. Homer Lea, U. S. A. (retired), now said to be a prominent figure in the Chinese revolutionary forces, has had a fascinating career since he resigned from the United States army to seek adventure in China. He held a commission as Lieutenant-General in the imperial army and spent a number of years in military operations in the remote interior as an officer and an author. With the uprising he quit the imperialists. Gen. Lea is a native of Denver. His education was finished in California, at the University of the Pacific and at Stanford.

As General Homer Lea is under forty, he must have won his spurs and rank in the United States army at an early age. General Lea was never associated with the army, in any capacity. He is a product of the Los Angeles high school, where Harry Carr of the Times was a fellow student. Of course the Times story was taken from a mistaken source, and printed without due credit.

## Banking Trend Southward

Seventh and Spring streets will soon house several of the city's principal banking institutions. The daily papers have devoted much space to the fact that the German American is to move from its present quarters to the new Union Oil building—a story exploited in this paper nearly a month ago. It is more than probable that another bank will be located at Sixth and Spring, just as soon as Robert Rowan and his associates succeed in securing a lease of what is known as the Howe property.

## Oil Market a-Quiver

There is an oil share market in progress at this time that promises well for such investments in the near future. The price of the product continues to climb, with the important selling agencies more than anxious to make contracts in any amount. New pipe lines are being financed, and franchises for this purpose are in great demand. The Mexican Petroleum Company this week made changes in its directorate that should provide an exceptionally important news story one of these days.

## Bradbury Mines in no Danger

Evidently, there is little or no truth in the story wired here by way of El Paso to the effect that the town of Rosario, in Sinaloa, is in danger of a Mexican rebel attack. The alleged facts were of special interest locally because the Bradbury mines are in that vicinity. These workings have been producing an annual fortune for years, the proceeds going to Col. John Bradbury and his family. The elder Bradbury took over these mining properties more than a decade ago and with his profits from that source built the Bradbury and Tajo blocks. The destruction of the works on this property would mean a great loss to the Bradbury family. Manager Kislingbury, who has been operating the mines, is from Los Angeles, where he received his education. His father, a former state geologist of Colorado, is now living here.

## Interesting Military Memoirs Promised

General Edward Bouton, who commanded Bouton's Chicago Battery at the Battle of Shiloh, fifty years ago, and who has been a resident of Los Angeles for nearly thirty years is engaged in writing his memoirs, which should prove of exceptional value to students of certain chapters of the Civil War. General Bouton is still a sturdy figure in the life and development of Southern California. He has maintained offices in the Bradbury Block for years, and comes daily to business, as has been his wont ever since he made this city his home. He and the late General W. S. Rosecrans were close friends, and both were optimistic about the city's future—a confidence realized long before General Rosecrans's death nearly ten years ago.

## Secretary Knox Might Be Coaxed

Philander C. Knox, secretary of state, is to deliver an address of political significance before the California Development Board in San Francisco, May 7, which is to be the most important speech to be made in behalf of President Taft in the presidential primary campaign. I believe if Mr. Knox were asked to speak here, he would not decline, but apparently Los Angeles does not especially desire a visit from the secretary. As I understand it he is to cross the Isthmus of Panama, and make his way up the Pacific Coast in a government vessel. His first and only stop will be at San Francisco, from which city he is to proceed overland to Washington.

It is said that he might be induced to come South, and it is urged that the least that can be done is to extend an invitation.

#### Does Wall Street Control Us?

Los Angelans are to be conscripted in the coming money trust investigation, instituted by congress for political purposes. It is reported from Washington that the presidents of at least two of the city's national banks as well as the head of one trust and savings institution are to be subpoenaed to give testimony in an effort to prove, if possible, that Wall street controls the money situation here as well as elsewhere in the United States. In the financial district it is intimated that the inquiry may develop that certain interests in New York have been important holders of large blocks of Los Angeles bank stocks for a long time.

#### Snapshot Fiends at Work

Friends traveling with Helen Gould complain that Los Angeles was one of the worst offenders in forcing snapshots of her costumes. While Miss Gould never entirely escapes the ubiquitous photographer, she is occasionally relieved because of her urgent personal request that the fiends refrain. It is explained in her behalf that the only reason she objects to the practice is that she is annoyed and embarrassed when she goes to purchase even the most trifling articles by the stares and remarks of people who recognize her from published pictures. An attempt was made to exact a promise that she should not be "taken," but ineffectually.

#### We are on the Air Map

We are to be invited to participate in the proposed air race from Paris to Pekin, by way of Los Angeles. Just how the voyage is to be accomplished has not yet developed, except that certain cities will be requested to "come across" with a sizeable cash bonus, if the balloons or air craft are to pass their way. Dick Ferris has already received several letters from the promoters of the scheme, who appear to be serious in the matter.

#### Who is the Angel?

More bitter daily becomes the battle between partisans of Robert M. La Follette and Theodore Roosevelt, and in order to crystallize the sentiment in California, the La Follette campaign headquarters will not be either in Los Angeles or San Francisco. Fresno has been chosen for the purpose, with branches north as well as south. Incidentally, it is being asked where Senator La Follette gets the funds with which to make his campaign for the presidency. A wag has intimated that possibly certain banks are financing the senator's fight, a suggestion not taken seriously by local political quidnuncs.

#### Rock Island's Big Chief

Henry N. Mudge, president of the Rock Island road, who was a visitor in Los Angeles this week, and who added the weight of his influence to the opinion that here is to be located one of the important cities of the North American continent, has been a boomer for Southern California since the days when as manager of the Santa Fe's Topeka division, a part of his duties included the routing of travelers this direction from all sections of the world. He goes to Coronado every winter, and while there hob-nobs with Arthur G. Wells and other Santa Fe chiefs of the Old Guard. Mudge is one of the really big brains of the railway operating world in this country, and he has built the Rock Island into a system second to none.

#### Trust Company to Find Affinity

Additional bank consolidations are reported in the financial district, to begin when the necessary details are worked out. It is rumored that one of the city's important national banks which at this time has no trust company affiliations, is about to take over a savings institution which is in need of national bank connections. The proposed alliance should prove of mutual advantage.

#### Old Time Democrats Apart

George S. Patton's coming out for Dr. Woodrow Wilson, and John T. Gaffey's inclination to support either Champ Clark or Governor Harmon discloses a democratic situation in Los Angeles that has not had its equal in years. Gaffey and Patton have always been strong political cronies—in fact grew up together as partisans—and never before have they been at loggerheads. It was Gaffey who was chairman of the Democratic county central committee, in the days when Patton was congressional candidate, with an excellent prospect of winning. In later years, the two have been seemingly content to prance to William Randolph Hearst's music. In the present presidential primary campaign, John Gaffey is taking

little actual interest, while Patton is an aspirant for delegate at large to the Baltimore convention, opposed to Hearst and working hard for Dr. Wilson. I believe his political ambition will be gratified, and that he will be selected to represent Southern California in the Democratic national convention. The choice could hardly be bettered.

#### Daughter of a Worthy Sire

Los Angeles pioneers remember the daughter of the late Governor Waterman, who was a resident of San Bernardino when her father was elected to the second place on the Republican state ticket in the nineties, although the Democratic aspirant for governor was chosen at the same time. The latter died soon thereafter, and the Republican lieutenant-governor succeeded him. The little tot in pinnafores of those days was last week chosen a school trustee in Barstow, defeating a male opponent by a comfortable majority. Miss Waterman manages a large alfalfa ranch, and three women acted as election officers when she triumphed.

#### Heeded His Plea

Los Angeles is being overrun with many undesirable idlers, members of the organization known as I. W. W., numbers of whom have been forcibly banished from San Diego of late. One of the incidents connected with their peremptory ejection is to the effect that when the vigilante escort reached the county line several barrels of tar were produced and the compulsory pilgrims were asked to choose—transportation northward or a coat of tar. All took the railroad tickets, except one who pleaded not to be sent to Los Angeles as the police held a suspended sentence over his head on a conviction for vagrancy. The committee was moved. It provided him with a ticket to Pasadena.

#### Referendum of Value

Professor Ernest J. Lickley, director of compulsory education, has in preparation a proposed law to prohibit the sale of cigarettes in California. The question is to be submitted to the pupils of the public schools of this city, who are to be asked to express their sentiments. This novel idea may materially assist in the passage of the proposed act.

#### Sharpening Knife for Bourne

Joy Bowerman, who was defeated for governor of Oregon in the last election, has been in Los Angeles for several weeks, and it may be news to United States Senator Bourne of that state to learn that he is to have a hard battle in his campaign for another term. Bowerman and his friends have a knife sharpened for Bourne, to whom they attribute Bowerman's defeat two years ago. The latter says that Bourne spent large sums to beat him, and he will not permit the incumbent to return to Washington if he can prevent it. It is hinted that a plan has been perfected that will cause Senator Bourne no end of worry.

#### Honor Well Placed

Judge Albert Lee Stephens, who has been named and confirmed a member of the municipal civil service commission, will not be an aspirant for a judicial position this year. He made the race twice as a Democratic non-partisan, and while he ran close to goal, he failed in both instances. Judge Stephens will have an opportunity to do much work with no remuneration, since the position of civil service commissioner is purely honorary.

#### General Grant a Visitor

General Frederick Dent Grant is not threatened with cancer of the throat, as was intimated in news dispatches, although it is admitted that the general's condition has caused his family much concern. He is expected here at an early date, and will be met by his brother, U. S. Grant, who will escort him to San Diego, where the general will stay for an indefinite time. This is his first visit here in several years.

#### Partisan Predictions Agley

Manager Walter Houser's boast that his principal, Senator Robert M. La Follette, will carry California in the coming presidential primary is generally regarded as a joke. Such strength as the Wisconsin senator will muster must come from south of the Tehachapi, and it will not be of great volume. In the north Taft will probably more than hold his own, and if Roosevelt does not poll at least twice as many votes in Southern California as will be cast for La Follette, he will not be in the running. While the Taft campaign is ambling along in its mild course, even the President's warmest admirers do not look for much encouragement in Southern California. Senator Frank P. Flint and other political experts say that Taft will be the successful nominee in this state, their opinion being based on the fact that in the last gubernatorial campaign, the

combined vote for Anderson, Curry and Stanton was greatly in excess of that cast for Hiram Johnson, that the governor is not so strong now as then and that La Follette is expected to cut into Roosevelt. But he will find himself egregiously mistaken I believe.

#### Graft Charged to the Gringo

Americans in the City of Mexico appear to be warring among themselves, according to private correspondence that reached me this week. Apparently, the redoubtable William Randolph Hearst has been asked by himself to assist in clearing up a situation that is adding nothing to the reputation of the Gringo. Charges of petty grafting are being made against several persons close to William Lane Wilson, the American diplomatic representative in the Mexican capital. It is intimated that arms and ammunition sent south by the United States government for distribution, were placed at an excessive figure before they were delivered to those for whose protection they were intended. Other things equally serious are being hinted, to the discredit of the American. Of course, the appeal to Hearst is made by Mr. Hearst.

#### Canal Opening Means Much

Los Angeles is to have direct steamer connection with New York and several important European ports with the opening of the Panama canal, according to plans already perfected. The North German Lloyd and the Cunard company have arranged schedules for the transportation of passengers, and it is expected that several Mediterranean companies will soon follow their example. The city will be about 3,500 miles distant from the canal, and the trip from here to London or Paris will consume about three weeks. It is believed that the Southern Pacific is planning to extend its passenger service from the Atlantic to the Pacific, including Los Angeles in its ports of call.

#### All Deserve Re-Election

Lawyers and others have begun to speculate as to who will succeed the five members of the superior court whose terms expire this year. The list includes Judges Rives, Hutton, Houser, Bordwell and McCormack. All but the last named are serving six year terms. Judge McCormack was chosen to fill a vacancy caused by the death of an incumbent, and later was elected to sit in the unexpired term. Members of the bar, without exception, are working for the renomination and re-election of all incumbents.

#### The Fisherman's Hymn

The osprey sails above the sound,  
The geese are gone, the gulls are flying:  
The herring shoals swarm thick around,  
The nets are launched, the boats are plying;  
Yo ho, my hearts! let's seek the deep,  
Raise high the song, and cheerily wish her,  
Still as the bending net we sweep,  
"God bless the fish-hawk and the fisher!"

She brings us fish—she brings us spring,  
Good times, fair weather, warmth and plenty.  
Fine stores of shad, trout, herring, ling,  
Sheepshead and drum, and old-wives dainty.  
Yo ho, my hearts! let's seek the deep,  
Ply every oar, and cheerily wish her,  
Still as the bending net we sweep,  
"God bless the fish-hawk and the fisher!"

She bears her young on yonder tree,  
She leaves her faithful mate to mind 'em,  
Like us, for fish, she sails to sea,  
And, plunging, shows us where to find 'em.

Yo ho, my hearts! let's seek the deep,

Ply every oar, and cheerily wish her,

While the slow bending net we sweep,

"God bless the fish-hawk and the fisher!"

—ALEXANDER WILSON.

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# Books

From her Vivid Garden Mrs. Wilkinson acclaims the day—approximately at hand, as she appears to think—when men and women shall have arrived at a perfect quality so far as the sexual relation is concerned. The same lofty standards of sexual purity will control the actions of both; their intercourse will never lack a dominant spiritual motive. The theme sounds a little crude expressed in just that way, but Mrs. Wilkinson manages to extract a remarkable flow of inspiration from it, nor is her viewpoint in any sense irrational, however idealistic it may seem in the face of current social conditions.

Mrs. Wilkinson is not of the anchorites who regard the sexual allure as a snare of the devil, countenanced, but by no means approved by a policeman-like deity as a handy means of separating the wheat from the tares. She takes the position—and states it with a certain rhapsodic naivete—that spiritual and physical union are the complementary attributes of a very wonderful natural (or divine) law. Her only objection is that the spiritual end of the matter has never had proper recognition in practice whatever our theories on the subject may have been or may now be.

The theme is by no means a new one in song or story albeit the author of "In Vivid Gardens" approaches it with a good deal more logical determination than others have done. Had the decorous and early Victorian author of "The Princess" been brought up on Nietzsche and Brieux instead of Paley and Paradise Lost that somewhat mushy "medley" would have foreshadowed the exact treatment that Mrs. Wilkinson accords her subject. But Tennyson never quite dissociated cohabitation and the Devil. William Morris in his "News from Nowhere" gives a practical exposition of Mrs. Wilkinson's ideals which resolve themselves as a matter of applied sociology into the abolition of what Bernard Shaw would call "licensed prostitution."

The fact is that ever since it became apparent that in the evolutionary scramble the male had succeeded in getting away with most of the persimmons the world has been anxiously looking forward to the day when morality will supplement Nature's indifferent disposition of the burdens of reproduction. Only society's headway in the right direction has been so comparatively meagre that hitherto it has excited only the wails of the sociologist, and never the paens of the poet. Mrs. Wilkinson's optimistic enthusiasm in this subject is as admirable as it is new. To the chivalric Tennyson the only alternatives that presented themselves for his heroine were a sort of Bryn Mawr professorship on the one hand and the usual subordinate slave motherhood of a quiverful of bouncing little British squires on the other. Morris held to the better ideal, but his allegiance was of the head rather than of the heart.

It is scarcely our business, however, to criticise Mrs. Wilkinson's outlook from the viewpoint of the sociologist or to ask ourselves in what particular form her ideals will ultimately find expression. If they pass muster as ideals—as indeed they do—she has a right to claim our attention. Given that attention, however, we cannot be expected to take the output at more than its face value, and it cannot be said that Mrs. Wilkinson is either original or inspired in her handling of the poetic medium. There is a deal of "jingle" in these songs of the woman spirit, and

the metric influence of Kipling is more than apparent, while Walt Whitman is also a source of inspiration. Perhaps a somewhat slovenly virility is the best medium for the expression of Mrs. Wilkinson's ideals, but one inclines to doubt it. In "The Present: A Song of Triumph," for example, the note strikes one as being altogether too militant for the delicate thought involved. This is probably purely a matter of taste, but in any event Mrs. Wilkinson might have sounded the loud timbrel o'er society's dark sea without being so persistently Kiplingesque. There is one poem in the book so like the "Song of the Young Men" in the "Five Nations" as to be almost a parody.

All things considered, however, these "Songs of the Woman Spirit" should have a large audience, alike for the ideals they express and for the courage and sincerity with which they are presented. Crude in certain respects as they are they represent an enthusiasm that may perhaps achieve more than many more perfect but purely academic examples of the poetic art. ("In Vivid Gardens." By Marguerite Wilkinson. Sherman French & Co.)

C. H. B.

#### Plays of Pessimistic Philosophy

For anything like a sympathetic comprehension of August Strindberg's pessimistic works something more is necessary than to have puzzled over the problems which this notable Swedish writer propounds repeatedly; it is essential that the formative experiences of his life be passed in review, and it is well to know somewhat of the sociological conditions in his country. His plays, to three of the more characteristic of which Edwin Bjorkman has with admiring sympathy and rare ability called attention in an interesting little volume recently published, are the gloomy broodings of a sadly, cruelly disappointed sensitive soul—so bitter as to seem altogether unnatural. Like every pessimist he is intensely personal and writes from his own deeper experiences as of a universal fact. His productions are singularly biographical—constituting, collectively, a soul history. Art saves them from being egotistical complainings; divine sympathy makes of them holy confidences speaking of the darker moments of human existence.

Strindberg was born in 1849, in Stockholm, Sweden, under peculiarly adverse conditions. His father had failed in business, and life in the little overcrowded home was a sordid, crushing struggle with poverty and to "keep up appearances." The mother had been a barmaid at one of the inns near Stockholm, and August was the third child, born only two months after the marriage of the elder Strindberg and his humble sweetheart. Then when the lad was but thirteen years old his mother died and his father married their housekeeper, exiling the child completely from his home. At the university August was unable to buy even the necessities of common comforts. Hopeless struggle, the keynote of his younger years, became a habit of life and thought, a fixed philosophy, and his return to Stockholm as a teacher, but a revival of hateful memories. Labor became but that endless monotony of repetition to which he so often refers in "The Dream Play," the first of Bjorkman's selection, and in "The Dance of Death," the third and last. In "The Dream Play," which is a succession of seemingly disconnected scenes and experiences, this phase is

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brought out in the faithful attendance of the officer upon Victoria, the opera singer; in the plaint of the blind man, the cry of the poet, the statement of the lawyer; in the return of the naval officer, after having won his degree, to the class of boys.

There is an unspeakable contempt for human systems of logic in this class drill. Says the "teacher," in defining time, "Time—let me see. . . . While we are talking, time flies. Consequently, time is something that flies while we talk." To which a saucy boy replies, "while you are talking, I fly; consequently, I am time," and leaves the class. Illustrative of the quality of the gleams of humor throughout is this—somber, bitter mirth. And this is logic, says Strindberg. In both "The Dream Play" and "The Link" there is fine scorn, such as one naturally expects after the above, for the courts of law and for the systems of philosophy, theology and medicine. At the crowning of the graduates, Indra's daughter, representative of the gods, who is investigating the state of human existence and the causes for their endless complaining, says:

Look at the four faculties. The government, to which has fallen the task of preserving society, supports all four of them. Theology, the science of God, is constantly attacked and ridiculed by philosophy, which declares itself to be the sum of all wisdom. And medicine is always challenging philosophy, while refusing entirely to count theology a science and even insisting on calling it a

mere superstition. And they belong to a common academic council, which has been set to teach the young respect—for the university. It is bedlam! And woe unto him who first recovers his reason..

Which the lawyer completes with "Those who find it out first are the theologians. As a preparatory study, they take philosophy, which teaches them that theology is nonsense. Later, they learn from theology that philosophy is nonsense. Madmen, I should say!" Again, in the unsuccessful attempt of an officer to open the door, and in the trial of the daughter by the faculties is impatience at the accepted order and judgments expressed. Disconnected as the first play appears there is yet a strong thread joining. In all three plays rings the agonized cry "Men are to be pitied." In every joy there lurks a sorrow. Victoria's happiness is the officer's grief; Alice's triumph is Edith's woe; "at the heart of happiness grows the seed of disaster." Man is without free will—is the sport of the fates, forgotten of the gods.

Strindberg was most unfortunate in his love affairs and these marital troubles still further tinge all his works, especially the three under consideration. His attitude toward women called forth a storm of indignant criticism from feminists. At twenty-six he yielded to the spell of a married woman, who obtained a divorce in order to

(Continued on page 15)

# Music

By W. F. Gates

On the solicitation of certain women's clubs, the Tetrazzini management has experimented in a managerial way in Los Angeles. The soprano sang gratis to 100,000 people in San Francisco Christmas; but her generosity did not extend to that figure in Los Angeles. It was \$1.00 per; and ten thousand wanted to pay it, though but five thousand succeeded. The idea was that thousands of persons who could not afford the previous \$3.00 price could stand the one dollar. The experiment proved an immense success as the overflowed Shrine auditorium proved. The affair was managed by Tetrazzini's manager, "Doc" Leahy, with all the extra newspaper space that the "pull" of the women's clubs afforded. The sale of tickets and house arrangements were in the hands of L. E. Behymer. The receipts were in the neighborhood of \$5500, leaving a presumable profit for the singer of about \$5000—not so bad, for a Sunday afternoon. Tetrazzini's numbers one could have prognosticated—the regulation coloratura repertoire. Her voice carried clearly over the heads of the 6,000 to the last row. The addition of the baritone, Mascali, gives much strength to the company. He sang the "Salome" aria from "Herodiade," the "Pagliacci" prologue, an aria from "Henry VIII" and one from "Faust." Mr. Puyans fluted beautifully and Mr. Nat strove with might and main to make piano numbers interesting on a wooden-toned instrument. Coming at this time, when there is much agitation for a municipal music hall, this concert's attendance proves that there is a musically interested public to fill it.

Incidentally, Sunday's concert proves another thing. Given, as it professedly was, so that the clerks and servant girls who are yearning for the classics at one dollar a year might have their longings appeased, the attendance of about 1200 of them in automobiles costing from one thousand to seven thousand dollars shows better than anything else the high income allotted to this class of labor. For, of course, no wealthy owner of a handsome honk-honk wagon would take advantage of the one dollar price to occupy a seat to the exclusion of one of the aforesaid yearners for Wagner and Debussy.

Allessandro Bonci smiled into the eyes of 2500 people at The Auditorium, last Tuesday night, and the 2500 smiled back at him, so it was pretty much of a smile-fest. That contagious Bonci smile is much more visible since the fall of the moustache. Another delightful rain reduced the audience below its normal proportions; it is not unlikely that the capacity of the house would have been tested had the weather been good. Bonci dwelt little on the operatic, in his program, but such numbers as were chosen from opera repertoire were the most successful ones. Next to these, in the affections of the audience, were the English selections. And it would be well for concert givers to stick a pin there. Bonci not only sings English, he sings it so it can be understood. Certain little—very little—peculiarities of pronunciation show that he determined it shall be understood. Many a singer who knows no language but English falls far short of the clarity of enunciation evinced by this artist. Also, Bonci is a singer of finesse. This is a gain for

him in a smaller hall. In Simpson auditorium, last year, his fine points reached his auditors more certainly and more easily than they did at the present concert, in the big auditorium. But that is a detail; if we must have space, we must pay the price. As an exemplar of the bel canto school, the lyric combined with a touch of the dramatic, few or no singers have been heard here to equal him, that is, among tenors. His tones, golden in more senses than one, were clear and strong, even at the farthest distance the house permitted. And there the galleryites have the advantage over those who pay the "first floor front" price as the "third floor back" seats are in a better sound zone than a certain proportion of the more expensive. Mr. Francini's accompaniments were all that could be asked. As a solo he used an arrangement of the "Mignon" overture, an unusual selection, but it gave relief from the hackneyed Chopin and Liszt war-horses which pianists delight to ride to show their musical equestrianism.

Speaking of Los Angeles choruses, the Chicago Music News says, "Los Angelans could aggregate a chorus of 2,000 voices if the choral societies and



Flonzaley Quartette, in Recital

choirs could be combined into one chorus. Many good works are now studied, but they require a larger body of singers to make them effective. The oratorios with 50 or 75 voices but lightly suggest the sublimity of the masterpieces. The choral societies in Los Angeles are the constituency of a more or less popular conductor and to permit it to combine with others is to lose the following and lose the chorus." There is the matter in a nutshell. The writer evidently knows the Los Angeles situation.

Mr. Lucchesi has postponed the recital of his pupils until April 23, as he says, "Not to encroach on the Flonzaley quartet concert."

Rarely good was the program offered by Mr. Alfred Butler and Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Staples at Blanchard hall, Saturday night. Mr. Butler is better known as organist than as pianist, having sat at the instrument of Christ church and other churches for several years before retiring to the religious quietudes of Pomona college to teach. Unusually broad in his musical and general education, Mr. Butler brings to his recitals a scholarship and classic preparation not always found as a basis for presentation of the classics. With this is a brilliancy of

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technic that had ample sway in the Brassin and Reubke numbers. The program as a whole was as follows: Fantasie and Fugue on B-A-C-H (Liszt); Prelude and Fugue in F minor (Bach); (a) Presto, (b) Variations Serieuses (Mendelssohn), Mr. Butler; Rondo Capriccioso (Saint Saens), Mr. Staples; Scherzo in B flat minor (Chopin); Romance sans Paroles (Faure); Magic Fire Music (Wagner-Brasslin); C minor Sonate movement (Dillon), Mr. Butler; Trio in G minor (first movement) (Chopin), Mr. and Mrs. Staples and Mr. Butler; Grand Sonate in B flat minor (Reubke), Mr. Butler.

After a solemn silence for about two weeks, music came to life again the past week with recitals by Alfred Butler, the tenor, the Orpheus club, the

St. Saens quintet club, and a concert by the Symphony orchestra with Bonci as soloist. The later ones will be noticed in these columns next week.

In The Musician for this month, Bruce Gordon Kingsley has an illustrated article on the music offered in Quarr Abbey, Isle of Wight. It is of particular interest to church musicians and is written with beautiful diction.

Miss Hilda Nolte, who recently returned from Berlin, will be heard in piano recital at the Gamut Auditorium April 18.



# Art

By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK  
Benj. C. Brown—Daniell Gallery.  
John Donovan—Steckel Gallery.

Those who love the open sea and the big freedom of the sky cannot fail to find enjoyment in the varied collection of marines in oil which John Donovan is showing at the Steckel Gallery. For several years Mr. Donovan has held the unique position among western painters of being the only one in the field to whom the term marine painter could be applied. We have artists who paint a fine marine or a longshore study when the mood is on, but Donovan is the only painter on the coast who abandons all other subjects for the rocks, the sea, and the sky exclusively. He paints an intimate study of the sea. By that I mean that he knows his subject in an intimate way and has the technical and emotional ability to interpret its meaning to others through the medium of the pigment.

In studying the large and varied collection now on public view at the Steckel Gallery, one is convinced that Mr. Donovan is more delighted with the spectacular moods of marine nature than he is with its placid mask. Almost without exception the canvases hung have to do with the rougher elements of the deep. No peaceful sunsets or mauve mornings, or pearl seas, or calm golden noon days are to be seen, but there are driving winds, foaming billows, lashing spray and storm hung midnights. A few quiet longshore studies are shown, but even the mildest of these suggests the battle of the stout breakers or the haunting uncertainty of approaching storm-trodden night. The sea is appalling enough on a summer's morning, it is weird on a moonlight night and awful in storm or shadow.

I do not mean to infer that Mr. Donovan's work is theatrical, for it is not so. He deals simply with the more robust, virile aspects of the sea, and when a large number of these studies are hung together the effect is inclined to suggest a rather remarkable spectacle. Mr. Donovan, as a rule, paints a convincing picture. His large canvases have aim and purpose and in them the bigness and the depth of sea and sky are strongly felt. Aside from their delights of harmony, composition, and other qualities of the painter's technique, one always feels the evident knowledge of wind-driven schooners, and the hissing brine, the bellying sails and the tugging ropes are materially well painted and equally well understood without the faintest suggestion of detail. You feel instinctively that Donovan knows the sea, and knowing it loves it, hence paints it with sympathy and sincerity.

Briefly noting a few of the most important canvases, "Where All Is Simply Great that Greets the Eye, the Ocean Precipice and Sky" depicts a foreground of rugged rocks over which huge billows break into spray. The sky and rocks are well treated, and the water in the middle distance does not look wet. "The 'Early Moon'" shows a group of beached boats seen in a misty moonlight. This canvas is pleasing in line and color. "The Gathering Storm" expresses the bigness of marine nature. It is a study of sea and sky well painted. "Night Rolled In, Ragged and Brown" has variety of color, but the cloud bank lacks quality. "Dying Day" is well composed and rich in color, but here again the

water seems suddenly to become fixed and solid. "Rainy Day" is an excellent study in every way. It is true in color and in values. "The Other Shore" is marred by the line of the hill upon which a figure gazes across the water to a distant port.

\* \* \*

"Into the Night" is one of the very good things of the exhibit. The rolling sea seems deep and full of sound, the cloud filled sky is admirably painted. "Coming Squall" and "After the Day" are colorful sketches and "Evening After Story" is a study in amber tones in which the color appears a trifle dry. "Off for Home" depicts a schooner speeding before a stiff wind. The sky is happily rendered and the water fine in quality. "A Lonely Shore" is the title given to a dreamy moonlight and "The Twilight Star" is full of mystery and foreboding. "The Silver Night" and "Last Gleam" are notable for their good tone values and "Lone, Lorn, and Last" for its windiness. A fine open marine study is "Brooding Sea" and "Taking Out the Pilot," "Out of the West" and "Gathers the Mystery" are all well painted studies full of excellent quality. "After Glow" would be greatly improved minus the moon. "Evening Along-Shore," "Home After Cruise," "Bit of Harbor," and "Early Morning" complete this worth while collection.

\* \* \*

Allen Harvey has closed his gallery on Hill street and leaves for Europe May 1. Mr. Harvey will collect pictures abroad and upon his return will open a high class art sales room. Mr. Harvey reports that all but twenty-seven of the De Longpre watercolors were sold in the thirty days' run of the exhibition. Many were purchased by local collectors.

\* \* \*

At the Royar Gallery, Frederick Roland Miner has been holding for the last fortnight an exhibition of sixteen California landscapes in oil and thirty-six sketches of New England autumn scenes. Mr. Miner, who is a member of the California Art Club and of the Los Angeles Sketch Club, is an industrious and earnest art student who paints with such enthusiasm and sincerity that the day of his arrival as an artist of worth is not far distant, if we may judge by the work put forth in the exhibition just over. Mr. Miner has shown his work publicly in local exhibitions for several seasons, but the canvases displayed at this time far surpassed in merit any of his previous efforts. About half of the California landscape studies were taken in or near Topanga Canyon and depict favorite localities in this favorite retreat in various moods of sunlight and of shadow.

Mr. Miner studies nature with a broad comprehensive vision and composes his pictures with much real understanding. As yet he sees and feels much more of the perfect form and color of nature than he is able to translate on canvas, but we feel that with more practice this essential of the craft will be mastered with ease. Mr. Miner passed the fall months in the New England states sketching the brilliant autumn effects. Thirty-six of these quick sketches were shown at this time and created much favorable comment. Among the most pleasing of these were "The Wood-Path," "Mountain Pasture" and "Misty Twilight."

Of the California subjects much could be said in their praise. "Ploughed Field" is good in color and while un-

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533 CORSET SHOP SOUTH BROADWAY

Franz Bischoff has gone to Santa Barbara on a sketching trip.

Benjamin C. Brown will hold a two weeks' exhibition of his late work at the Daniell Gallery beginning Monday, April 15.

C. Harry Allis is planning to hold an exhibition of his California landscapes in the near future.

# Social & Personal

Shrine Auditorium was the scene of one of the most brilliant events of any season Wednesday night—the occasion being the charity ball for the benefit of the Barlow Sanitorium. Foliage and choice blossoms, contributed by sympathizers with the cause were lavishly woven into the decorations. In the center of the auditorium swung a garden-like bower where Arend's orchestra was stationed. From the huge ceiling beams floated thousands of red pennants surrounded by a network of ferns and foliage. This idea was also used in the decorations for the boxes and spectators' gallery—and with the bright gowns of the visitors afforded almost as glowing a picture as that on the dancing floor, with its back ground of picturesque booths. The ball room floor looked like a fairy village—an illusion strengthened by the sight of the pretty, quaintly dressed maids and matrons who flitted about, now in the mazes of a dance, now beseeching the purchase of their wares. The grand march was led by Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner and Mr. William May Garland, and as other dancers fell into line, the scene presented was one of unequalled brilliance.

The booths attracted the closest attention—one of the greatest favorites being the gypsy camp, presided over by Mrs. Robert Marsh. Two tents were seen in this encampment, one an Arabian canopy, half-concealed in palms and ferns, and filled with slim maidens in the curious attire of the nomads. The second tent was a tepee decked with Indian trophies, glowing behind a campfire about which gathered the bright-clad attendants. Besides Mrs. Marsh the gypsy camp contained Mmes. Nicholas Milbank, Isaac Milbank, Gail B. Johnson, Lyman R. McFie, William T. McFie, Dan Murphy, Donald Frick, Milbank Johnson, Albert Crutcher, E. S. Rowley, Lewis G. Morris, John B. Miller, William C. Baker, Robert Gillis, L. J. Selby, William Lacy, William Brackenridge, William R. Staats, Lawrence B. Burck, and the Misses Helen Newlin, Gwendolin Laughlin, Jeanette Garner, Florence Clark, Clara Vickers, Juliet Boileau, Cogswell, Isabel Staats, Clara Staats, Sinnott, McArthur, Adelaide Gillis, Laura Almada, Elizabeth Bishop.

The ice cream and cake booth, in charge of Mrs. George K. Birkel was fragrant with great masses of cherry blossoms, festooned in graceful ribbons over the top and massed against the sides of the enclosure. Mrs. Birkel's assistants were: Mmes. Philip L. Wilson, Hugh Barclay Brown, Pierpont Davis, H. F. Vollmer, Hugh W. Harrison, M. A. Bostwick, Owen A. Churchill, Robert W. Kenney, Lewis Clark Carlisle, Frederick W. Braun, W. F. Botsford, Erasmus Wilson, Wm. I. Hollingsworth, Thilo Becker, John W. Kemp, Albert G. Perry, Samuel K. Rindge, Henderson Hayward, Reuben Shettler, Seeley W. Mudd, W. W. Johnston, Edward A. Geissler, Roland Paul, Laura Hayward Ayers, Henry A. Greene, Ethelwynne Walker and the Misses Thresher, Helen Thresher, Lillian Carlton, Gladys Griswold, Bessie Chapin, Clarice Holland, Lou M. Fredhold, Paloma Schramm, Karla Schramm.

Cigars and cigarettes were offered by venders in colorful costumes from the richly decorated background of a Turkish booth. Mrs. W. W. Mines had charge of this booth and was assisted by the Misses Pauline Vollmer, Dorothy Jackins, Ruth Larned, Alice Groff, Aileen Canfield, Ella Gardner, Virginia Walsh and Mmes. J. D. Fos-

ter, Walter P. Story, David Murray, C. M. O'Leary, W. J. Doran, W. A. Innes, C. G. Andrews, Theodore Finley.

Mrs. Lee A. Phillips presided over the candy booth which was covered with roses and wistaria. Her committee comprised Mmes. John Newton Russell, Jr.; Harry Coffin, William H. Davis, George I. Cochran, and the Misses Virginia Nurse, Angelita Phillips, Marie Bobrick, Clarice Stevens, Mary Richardson, Josephine Lacy, Bishop, Mary Peyton.

Coffee and sandwiches were served in an Italian pergola decked with wisteria and ferns and presided over by Mrs. Philip Forve, chairman, and Mmes. Earl Mueller, George Fusenot, Violet Stone, Thomas Duque, Simon Maier, Laura Rieger, W. W. Neuer, W. Mackie, James Kays, Arnold Berkelman, Louis Grant, Valentine Peyton, J. H. Miles, James P. Burns, H. J. Wollacott, T. R. Gabel, M. A. C. Griffith, Frank Larned, Charles L. Whipple, Brenton Lee Vickrey, and the Misses Eugenia Shafer, Ruth Kays, Anna McDermot, S. Lynch, Clara Leonhardt, Florence Bowden, Evangeline Duque, Hazel Barlow, Leila Jolly, Ada Seeley, Mamie Maier, Florence Brown, Helen Brant, Mary Forve, Dorothy Shafer, Olive Erdt, Mary O'Neil, Hildreth Maier, Jeanette Mackie, Mary Desmond, Anna Grant, Edna Miles, Sue Adele Miles.

At a Dutch windmill chattered girls who looked as if they had stepped from a Delft decoration, offering chocolate and cheese to the swarms of young men who crowded about. At this booth were Mrs. E. J. Marshall, chairman, and Mmes. Allan Balch, Simpson, Lawrence Burck, Hansen Moore, Dr. Wernick, Paul Compton, A. B. Barrett, James Wagner, Guy Barham, Earl Anthony, Harold Cook, Henry Stephenson, Senora Almada, Robert London, Carey Marble, Homer Laughlin, Jr., Harry Holabird, and the Misses Winston, Gaffey, Laura Almada, Aurora Almada, Hannah Frazer, Willis, Watson, Isabel Watson, Dora Simpson.

Mrs. Robert Wankowski had charge of the lemonade and punch booth, where cherry blossoms were used for decorations. Her attendants were Mmes. W. G. Hutchinson, Willis H. Booth, Arthur Letts, John Luckenbach, F. O. Johnson, R. D. Bronson, E. A. Featherstone, R. H. Edwards, A. L. Cheney, F. J. Carlisle, A. H. Braly, L. V. Youngworth, H. J. Henneberger, Benjamin Johnson, the Misses Gretchen Day, Viola Hamilton, Louise N. Hill, and Messrs. George Off, Juliet Borden, Winifred Maxon, Marguerite Drake and Arden Day, Paul Bucklin, Jack Buckin, George Zimmer, Tim Horan, Andrew J. Copp, Jr., Samuel C. Haver, Jr.

Fair debutantes became flower girls, and their trays of spring blossoms were emptied again and again. They were Miss Lucile Clark, Inez Clark, Alice Elliott, Elizabeth Garner, Nina Jones, Gertrude King, Bessie Mattison, Emily Newlin, Robbins, Severance, Marjory Utley, and Winston.

Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow had charge of the decoration committee, her assistants comprising the most prominent society women of the city. Col. William Garland presided over the floor committee, and the ushers were chosen from among Dr. Barlow's doctor friends. There were no free tickets, and as the attendance was estimated at five thousand, the sanitorium reaped a rich return, not only from tickets, but from booth purchases, and a generous patron has promised to duplicate the receipts.

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Broadway  
and Third

Kensington Road and Mrs. Harry Stuart Hurlburt of New Hampshire street gave a large reception Thursday afternoon at the home of the latter, in compliment to Miss Thelma Gilmore, the singer, who is visiting here from New York. Miss Gilmore, who is one of the sopranos with the Savage Opera company, is passing several weeks in this city, and delighted Thursday's guests by singing for them. Pink roses and ferns transformed the rooms into a fragrant bower of bloom. More than a hundred and eighty cards were issued for the afternoon, and the hostesses were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Allison Barlow, Mrs. R. W. Dromgold, Mrs. B. N. Pratt, Mrs. C. E. Woodside, Mrs. C. E. Wood, Mrs. W. F. James, Mrs. E. E. Cole, Mrs. W. T. Craig, Mrs. E. C. Bellows, Mrs. Florence Collins Porter, and Mrs. H. H. Whittier.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred G. Hines of West Eleventh street have returned from San Francisco. Mrs. Hines went north last week to meet Mr. Hines who has been in the east several months.

Mrs. Carl Leonardt will be hostess Thursday afternoon at a bridge luncheon for one hundred, to be given at her Chester place home. She will give a similar affair the week following.

In honor of Miss Charlotte Cox, daughter of Mrs. Harvey Cox of Westmoreland, who is to be married April 24 to Mr. James J. Donahue, Miss Gertrude Brands and Miss Madge Schalk are entertaining the Theta Sigma Gamma sorority girls this afternoon at Miss Brands' home on Oxford avenue. Sorority sisters who will be present are Miss Anita Mathis, Miss Belle Hutchinson, Miss Francis Johnson, Miss Florence Barnwell, Miss Marguerite Cardell, Miss Dorothy Ming, and Miss Jennie Jones. Tuesday afternoon Miss Maude Adams will entertain for Miss Cox with a luncheon at the Union League club, followed by a matinee party at the Orpheum, and Saturday, April 20, Miss Aida Castel-

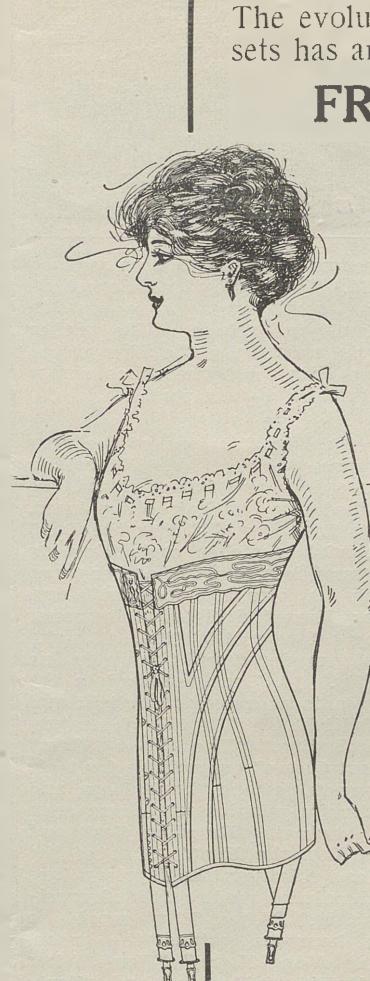
lane will compliment her. Miss Clara Leonhardt of Chester place will give a bridge luncheon April 22 for Miss Cox, and also for Mrs. Leland Neiswender.

Mrs. Albert James Sherer of 987 Arapahoe street gave a bridge luncheon yesterday afternoon.

Another Friday afternoon affair was that which Mrs. Edward C. Dieter of Valencia street honored Mrs. Geo. H. Kress of Hotel Alvarado.

Miss Mary Frances Lindley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel K. Lindley of 2637 Menlo avenue, became the bride of Mr. Gustav Knecht Tuesday evening, at the home of her parents. Rev. William Horace Day read the ceremony, which was solemnized at nine o'clock, witnessed only by relatives and intimate friends. Afterward supper was served. White and yellow were combined for the color scheme, and carried out with Easter lilies and white wistaria in the drawing room, where a bridal altar was erected. Yellow acacia blooms and foliage were used in the other rooms, combined with wistaria. The bride was attired in white satin, embellished with rose point. A spray of orange blossoms fastened her veil, and she carried a shower bouquet of white orchids and lilies of the valley.

Her attendants were Miss Florence Clark, the maid of honor, who wore white satin, embroidered in gold, and who carried long-stemmed jonquils; and the Misses Clara Vickers, Inez Clark, Muriel Stewart and Mary Burnham, who wore yellow messaline, draped in lace embroidered in gold. They carried sheafs of Easter lilies. Mr. Don Carleton served the groom as best man, and the groomsmen were Mr. Richard Heimann of San Francisco, and Mr. Philo Lindley. An aisle was formed to the altar by white satin ribbons held by the Misses Marjorie Severance, Jeanette Garner, Helen Locke, Virginia Garner, Lucile Clark and Mrs. Thomas Caldwell Ridgeway. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs.



Knecht left for the east, where they will pass several weeks, before going to San Francisco where Mr. Knecht's business interests lie. Miss Lindley is a Marlborough graduate, and attended school in the east also. She has been the recipient of a number of social affairs the last few weeks, having entirely recovered from a recent illness.

Another wedding of importance which took place Tuesday night was that of Miss Mabel Lucile Buick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Buick of St. Andrews Place, to Mr. James Duryea Coyle of San Francisco. The ceremony took place at the bride's home, and was performed by the Rev. Charles Edward Locke. The bride wore a tailored suit of dark blue, with hat to match. She had no attendants, and only relatives witnessed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Coyle have left for Honolulu to pass their honeymoon, after which they will live in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McNaghten—the latter formerly Miss Edna Letts—have returned from their wedding trip and are visiting Mrs. McNaghten's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Letts of Hollywood. Mr. and Mrs. Letts will leave in May for Europe, and it is likely that Mr. and Mrs. McNaghten will accompany them.

Mr. and Mrs. John Raymond Powers of Portland street are planning to leave in May for New York, from which port they will sail for Europe. They plan to pass the summer on the Mediterranean, and will be accompanied by Mrs. P. W. Powers.

Mrs. Willard J. Doran of West Twenty-seventh street gave the third of a series of luncheons Tuesday afternoon. Jonquils decked the table, and the affair was entirely informal.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Woolwine and their daughter, Miss Martha Woolwine, left Wednesday morning for Washington for a week's stay with friends. From there they will go to New York for a short visit, and will sail April 23 for a trip abroad. They will be joined in New York by Mrs. Sally Henderson and her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Brown of Chicago, and Mrs. Woolwine's niece, Mrs. Graham Miller, who will accompany them on the trip. Their itinerary includes Belgium, France, England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. They will sail for home from Naples late in October.

In honor of Mrs. Arthur P. Marix, who with her husband, Captain Marix, U. S. N., and their niece, Miss Katherine Stevens, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Jack Jevne, Mrs. Fred O. Johnson of 1005 West Twenty-eighth street entertained Monday afternoon with an informal luncheon. Jonquils beautified the table at which covers were laid for Mrs. Marix, Mrs. Herman Henneberger, Mrs. Jack Jevne, Mrs. Loren D. Sale, Mrs. Herman Janss and Miss Katherine Stevens. After the luncheon the performance at the Orpheum was enjoyed. Captain Marix, who is a brother of Mrs. Jack Jevne and Mrs. David Murray, left Thursday for the East, accompanied by his wife and niece. He has been stationed in Honolulu for three years, and expects to be ordered to sea for the coming two years.

Mrs. Aida G. Dougherty of "The Jungles," San Gabriel, is entertaining this evening with a large bridge-supper, which will be attended by seventy-five guests. She will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. I. I. Gerson and Mrs. Horace E. Montague.

In honor of Miss Dorothy Simpson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Du Bois Simpson, who will become the bride of Mr. Rex Hardy the coming week, and also in compliment to her bridesmaids, the men of the bridal party entertained Wednesday evening with a theater party at the Orpheum, followed by supper at the Alexandria. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson acted as chaperons for the guests, who included the bride and groom elect, Miss June Es-

key, Miss Marjorie Bastable, Miss Gladys Moore, Misses Marjorie Hibbs, Miss Eessie Baker, Miss Francis Vermilyea, Mr. Herbert Brown, Mr. Chas. Scott, Mr. Frank Tolle, Mr. Jack Adams, Mr. Lane Crandall, Mr. Merritt Adamson and Mr. Barry Cool.

This afternoon Miss Edna Green is entertaining the faculty and members of the graduating class of the Cummock School with a luncheon at Hotel Mt. Washington, to be followed with cards. Japanese iris will be banked in a basket for a centerpiece, and places will be marked with colonial dames for Mrs. Merrill Moore Grigg, Miss Williamene Wilkes, Miss Eulalie Bean, Mrs. Franklyn McCluskey, Miss Dora Haller, Miss Ruth Price, Miss Gladys Wilhelms, Miss Winifred Roberts, Miss Cecelia Kocher, Miss Agnes Hedenburgh, Miss Margaret St. Clair, Miss Georgia Mosser, Mrs. Robert Soucks, Mrs. James Brennan, Miss Sara Clingan, Miss Maude Howell, Miss Rosalie Budington, Miss Kathleen Hampton, Miss Katherine Chambers, Mrs. May Corlett, and Miss Madeline Harris.

Thursday Mrs. Nellie Hibler gave the second of her morning musicales at the Ebell club house.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Stevens, formerly of Buffalo, New York, have purchased a home in Pasadena, and will be permanent residents of the Crown City. Mrs. Stevens is a sister of Mrs. Alfred Solano, and has been a yearly visitor to this city as her sister's guest.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Stanton and their daughter, Miss Lillian Stanton of Grattan street, have left for New York whence they will sail for a five months' European trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rivers Drake and their daughter, Miss Marguerite Drake, will return next week from Arrowhead Hot Springs, where they have been sojourning for more than a week.

Among the Los Angelans who are visiting Panama to probe into the mysteries of canal building are Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cook and Mr. Don McGilvray.

Miss Alma von der Lohe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. C. von der Lohe of 1831 West Washington street, entertained Tuesday evening at the Friday Morning clubhouse with a dance in honor of Miss Elsie Thompson, a bride-elect. Roses, carnations and sweet peas, with potted plants carried out the color scheme of pink and green, with the aid of tulle bows. The dancing cards were monogrammed in gold and decked with pink-ribbons. Favors carried out the same color scheme. Miss von der Lohe was assisted by her mother and the honoree and by Mrs. Carlos S. Hardy and Miss Charlotte Pemberton. More than a hundred invitations were issued for the event.

Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Clark Carlisle of 674 Ardmore drive gave an Easter-time dinner, the appointments cleverly suggesting the season. Those who enjoyed the evening were Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Requa, Dr. and Mrs. E. G. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Roth Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Whitaker, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Burrall and Mr. and Mrs. Chester Ashley.

Monday afternoon Mrs. Adolph Heliodor Koebig of Harvard boulevard will entertain with a reception in honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Adolph H. Koebig, Jr.

Mrs. E. S. Rowley and Mrs. Thomas Caldwell Ridgeway of Menlo avenue have issued cards for a bridge luncheon to be given Tuesday afternoon, April 16.

Mrs. Dudley Fulton and her mother, Mrs. W. W. Hitchcock, will give a bridge luncheon Thursday afternoon at Mrs. Hitchcock's home on Grand avenue.

Mrs. William Parrish Jeffries of 976 Arapahoe street gave a luncheon Tuesday afternoon at the California Club in compliment to Miss Dora Le Roy of Iowa, who is visiting Mrs. Stephen C.

## Important Announcement to Los Angeles Society

**Feagans & Company announce the introduction of a department of society stationery and exclusive leather.**

Theodore E. Smith, Jr., formerly with Shreve & Co., of San Francisco, as manager of their department of stationery—is in charge of the new department (assisted by W. L. Whedon), and under their able direction we can assure our patrons the highest class stationery service in Los Angeles.

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**DESMONDS**

THE MEN'S SHOP  
Spring at Third St.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.  
March 16, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Dorothy Roche, whose post-office address is 1017 W. Temple St., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 12th day of January, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application No. 014591, to purchase the SE $\frac{1}{4}$  SE $\frac{1}{4}$  Sec. 15; S $\frac{1}{2}$  SW $\frac{1}{4}$  Sec. 14; NE $\frac{1}{4}$  NW $\frac{1}{4}$ , Section 23, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$320.00 and the land \$80.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 29th day of May, 1912, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN. Register.

end Newton Lynch of Petaluma, is now in San Francisco, where she plans to make a short visit. While in Petaluma she rendered several solos for the Easter service of the church of which her cousin is pastor.

# Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

Alice Lloyd, her quaint little accent, her sharp little voice, her plump and shapely little self, and her plump little songs, are all to be found at the Mason opera house this week, in a musical mix-up entitled "Little Miss Fix-It." The vehicle, by the way, needs the attention of a fixer, since its excuse for being seems a bit wobbly. But with Alice Lloyd and a company of excellence, even a mediocre concoction can get over big, and without doubt audiences will extract an overflowing measure of hilarity from Miss Lloyd's two weeks' engagement, since she is surrounded by an organization of ability. The rotund Alice has the part of Delia Wendell, who has quarreled with her own husband, and therefore attempts to make things happy for her friends—with the usual result attained by fixers. The part is limited, with little opportunity for Miss Lloyd to distinguish herself, but so long as she wanders across the stage in an assorted variety of costumes—several of which are dignified by such a large title—and shrills her songs and does an occasional dancing step, the audience is well content. Honors are almost wrested from Miss Lloyd by Lionel Walsh, who portrays an Englishman with a real sense of humor, even though it may not be educated to the meanings of American slang. It is a refreshing novelty to see a musical comedy Englishman with a cultured accent, an unburlesqued appearance—in fact an Englishman who is funny and still a gentleman. Naturally, Walsh has to make Percy Paget a bit of an ass, but he is so quaintly, legitimately humorous, that he threatens to run away with the performance. The one regret is that he does not appear oftener. James Lane adds his ingredients to the mirth, stirring up a froth of merriment, particularly in the specialty interpolations which he shares with Miss Lloyd. Frederic Santley, a little too sure of himself and his ability, is nevertheless vocally and otherwise pleasing as Harold Watson. The chorus is small—in numbers—but its ability is large. There are several catchy song hits—in fact almost every number is ardently encored, and the willing Alice gives her entire vaudeville program in the last act.

**"Over Night" at the Majestic**

Philip H. Bartholomae has given the old skeleton of mistaken identity a new garb in his farcical comedy, "Over Night," which is being played at the Majestic this week, and the result is one long series of laughs—made heartier by the efforts of a capable company. Bartholomae has woven into the fabric of his story two young couples faring up the Hudson on their wedding trips. Percy Darling, a strong-minded young man, is newly-wedded to Elsie Darling, a helpless and kittenish ingenue, and Richard Kettle, of mama's-baby-boy type, has for his bride a prominent and self-assertive suffragette, Georgina Kettle. Both Georgina and Percy find business off the boat, and as a result are left behind, while Elsie and Richard Kettle sail away on a honeymoon that isn't theirs. They are as helpless as babes in the wood, and the climax comes when friends of Kettle discover them, take Elsie for his wife, and introduce them to several sorts of Newly-Wed stunts. When they reach terra firma in the form of a small hotel above Poughkeepsie, they discover that there is no way of getting out of town until

the next morning. Of course complications come thick and fast, and while there are many opportunities for risqué lines and situations, the author skips merrily by—perhaps with an occasional wink, but as a rule in entirely decorous fashion. There is a pretty love story worked in for good measure, and a country hotel clerk who is good for a number of laughs. There are really no stars in the company. Francine Larrimore is a winsomely entertaining creature as Elsie Darling, even though she does say "gotta do sumpin'" and wounds other phrases. She is so fetching to look upon and so babyishly appealing that this fault is overlooked. Tom Emory as Richard



Wm. Hodge, at the Majestic

Kettle makes the most of a role inclined toward burlesque, and Sam Hardy and Ada Stirling are excellent as the two strong minded individuals. The powerful charm of a musical speaking voice is demonstrated by Inez Buck, who gives the small role of Caroline Powers unusual attraction through that medium. Not the least amusing figure in the production is Arthur Aylsworth, who plays a grotesque hotel clerk with an enjoyment that extends to his audience, which expresses its appreciation in chuckles, giggles and guffaws. While Art may not place a laurel wreath on Bartholomae's brow for his creation, the laughter-loving public will give him an excellent counterfeit—which after all is an achievement in a world that needs laughter.

**"Third Degree" at the Belasco**

Charles Klein certainly had his finger on the public pulse when he wrote "The Third Degree," for with facts he mixed a great deal of theatrical clap-trap in just the right degree to start a necessary reform movement and also to please the theatergoers who are extraordinarily fond of seeing their public officials and institutions raked through the muck of wrongdoing. That the play has an intense appeal to the theatergoer is demonstrated by the hearty approval it elicits this week at the Belasco,



## Pillows

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Stamped pillows to work or, finished ones ready for use. The variety is next to endless. Free lessons in all branches of needlecraft 9 to 12 each day. Third Floor.

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where the success is more than half due to the work of two players—Bessie Barriscale and Thomas MacLarnie. The play takes its name from the methods employed by the police to force confessions from suspects. Howard Jeffries, a weakling, marries a girl out of his class, and is cast off by his family. Through circumstances he is made to appear guilty of murder, and a strong-minded police chief, by exerting the strength of his will, exacts from Howard a confession of a crime which he has never committed—a confession elicited by hypnotic power. It looks hopeless for the boy, since his own father will not come to his rescue, but Annie, his wife, through her pathetic loyalty, persistence and belief, wins over to her side a great lawyer who destroys the net of evidence—although only at a sacrifice of Annie's good name. Meantime, the girl's faithfulness has awakened Howard to manhood, and he meets life with the determination to carve a niche for himself. Bessie Barriscale understands her roles—at least she gives the effect of devoting to her lines more than a mere study for memorizing. As the unpolished, uncultured Annie, sweet and womanly through all her temptations, with that willingness to give everything for her husband's sake which is a mark of woman's love, she is half pathetically funny, at times wholly pitiful, and never out of the picture. Thomas MacLarnie is no less successful as the crochety tender-hearted old lawyer, who has the heart of a woman tucked away beneath his brusque exterior. With MacLarnie and Barriscale on the stage the remainder of the company fades into insignificance, although minor bits of individual worth are given.

**Novelties at the Orpheum**

New acts on the Orpheum bill this week give that variety which is heralded as the spice of existence, for they are as different as the poles. George Broadhurst is responsible for one of the best melodramatic acts the vaudeville stage offers in the form of "The Coward," a grinding down of his quasi-successful drama, "The Mills of the Gods." It is primitive in its psychical theme and elemental in its physical effect, since it portrays the thing that comes to a man when he puts away civilization-bred cowardice, strips off the shackles of man-made law, and deals with his enemy with his bare hands and muscular strength. Robert Haines has the principal role, that of a man who is blackmailed because of his past, and who finally rebels against the leech. Haines is an



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## AFTER THE SHOW

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4th & Spring  
Entire Basement H. W. Hellman Bldg

actor of presence and virility, despite his rapid-fire talking. He is ably assisted by Robert Keane as the blackmailer. Mary Norman, that mistress of monologue, is back again—which is good news to her many admirers. When Miss Norman first enters, one is likely to fear that the schoolmistress has dropped in to elocute, but that dread lasts but a moment, for with the aid of two or three hats and a feather boa Miss Norman visualizes so keenly and humorously the vagaries of the dear unfair sex that she leaves her audiences helpless in the throes of laughter. She is imitable. Frank and Joe Wilson are also oldtime favorites here—that is, the Wilson brother who yod and disports his elephantine form in the evolutions of comedy is a favorite—the other is merely a foil. For eccentric mirth making the fat Wilson is hardly to be excelled. Watson's Farmyard Circus is one of many such things, except that Watson has trained his performers to

a greater degree of proficiency than is to be seen in any similar act. His barnyard fowls and his daring dogs, who do not cringe before their master, by the way, provide entertainment for old and young. Valerie Bergere has a sketch that amounts to less than nothing—or rather would were it not for her hard work in getting over lines that have nothing to give them spirit. Ida Fuller continues her terpsichorean tripping, Cole de Losse risks his neck on a wire, and Kranz and White continue their singing-burlesque act. The comedy of the pompadoured member of this firm is inexcusable when directed at the audience in his ill-mannered fashion. Good-natured "joshing" is well enough, but not the brand proffered by a youthful egotist who has no sense of proportion. The moving pictures are excellent and Frankenstein's orchestra is worth several paragraphs of praise.

**"The Henpecks"** at Fischer's Lyceum  
Fischer's Follies Company is duplicating its opening success this week, its vehicle being Lew Fields' musical comedy, "The Henpecks." May Boley in a Marie Dressler type of character is the bright particular star of the presentation, although Bob Lett shines with almost as lustrous a glow. Miss Boley is one of the best comedienne that ever graced a musical stock company. With her graceful awkwardness that adds to the mirth of her appearance, and with her inimitable manner of delivering a ragtime song, she wins an instant appreciation that is thunderous in volume. She is not subtle, but she gets every laugh that floats through the atmosphere. And despite the humorously of her delineation there is an undercurrent of the pathetic that adds to its value. The public will await with impatience Miss Boley's heralded appearance in "Tillie's Nightmare." Robert Lett takes stellar comedian honors away from Herbert Cawthorne, who is mildly funny in the Fields role, but Lett as a red-haired magician fairly harvests the crop of mirth, especially in his whimsical song, "My Grandfather's Farm." Texas Guinan's voice develops a strange squeak, apparently of affectation, that seriously interferes with her singing, but she is good to look upon. There are several minor roles meritoriously rendered, and the large chorus injects fresh life whenever matters seem to grow dull. A feature of the performance is the dancing of Mlle. Vanity. The scenic equipment is good—although the barber shop setting does not live up to anticipation, and the advertising of barber shop supplies intrudes a jarring note.

#### Armstrong's Follies at the Grand

Armstrong's Follies Company proved its entertaining ability last summer, when it attracted crowds to the Lyceum, and it is receiving warm welcome and renewing old acquaintances at the Grand Opera House, where its season opened Monday night. Its new aggregation seems to be under better stage direction than before—with gratifying result. Its present vehicle is a down-to-date affair laid in the breezy locale of Venice, with scenery depicting sea-side attractions familiar to the wanderer by the sad-seas-waves. As to plot—there may have been one wandering about, but no one cared to discover it, since the song-and-dance features hold the main attraction for patrons of these affairs. Ethel Davis, the prima donna, frilled and fluffed in the latest fashions, causes a small-sized riot on several occasions, and Clara Howard, the petite and magnetic soubrette, has no cause to doubt her status. Plump little Frances White, who has a soft place in the hearts of theatergoers of this city, is also a member of the aggregation. It is a pity that this diminutive comedienne does not give her work more devotion, since her ability would give her high rank were she to struggle for place. Will Armstrong as

an Irish mixer is the laugh-maker of the occasion, although Gus Leonard's antics as the dealer in lacerated English give him a close race. There are many other old favorites to be seen in the company, there is a good chorus; the performance rolls with the ease of a greased joint, and the songs and dances are many and varied. Nor is the show long enough to grow wearisome, which is half the charm in burlesques and travesties.

#### Offerings for Next Week

Alice Lloyd begins her second and final week at the Mason Opera House Monday night, in her immensely successful comedy, "Little Miss Fix-It." Miss Lloyd is duplicating the pleasant impression she created as a vaudeville headliner, and her fortnight at the Mason seems too short to appease the demand. In the course of the comedy Miss Lloyd introduces her most popular song successes, "Have You Ever Loved Any Other Little Girl?" "Cupid," "The Hobble Promenade," "Excuse Me, Mr. Moon," and a number of others. A feature of the second act is the now famous Newport Turkey Trot. Messrs. Werba and Luescher, under whose management Miss Lloyd is presented, and who are also the producers of "The Spring Maid,"



Texas Guinan, at the Lyceum

"Miss Dudelsack," and "The Rose Maid," have surrounded the comedienne with a good company, and the scenic equipment is attractive and tasteful, the first act occurring in the grounds of a fashionable Long Island home and the second act in the living room. There will be the usual Saturday matinee and a popular priced matinee Wednesday.

Sunday night William Hodge opens a week's engagement at the Majestic theater in the Booth Tarkington-Harry Leon Wilson comedy, "The Man From Home." The curtain rises upon a scene in Sorrento, where Horace Granger-Simpson and his sister, Ethel, of Kokomo, Ind., are staying with English friends who are plotting to marry off the Granger-Simpson millions to two decadent titles belonging to a moth-eaten earl and a countess with a shady past. Daniel Voorhees Pike, the role played by Mr. Hodge, is the guardian of Edith, and sails for Sorrento to save her from being victimized by the earl. He calls to his assistance a Russian grand duke, traveling incognito, who knows the past of the earl and the countess, and assists Pike in exposing them. The girl finally realizes her mistake, and the curtain falls on the inti-

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mation that she has wearied of the affection and emptiness of her "smart" life and is thinking kindly of Pike. Mr. Hodge has won critical and public approval as Pike, the attorney. He is assisted by Helen Harvest, Leonora von Ottinger, Ida Vernon, Echlin Gayer, Herbert McKensie, Arthur Bell, C. E. Felter and several others.

Subscribers to the Philharmonic Course demand musical novelties now and then, and Impressario Behymer will appease this demand Friday evening at The Auditorium, when he will offer an evening of music by the Flonzaley Quartet, which visited this city four years ago and won unanimous approval. The quartet devotes its entire time to the cultivation of chamber music. It is the only string quartet ever brought to America from Europe, and three different nationalities are to be found in its personnel. Adolfo Betti, first violin, and Ugo Ara, the viola, are Italians, Ivan d'Archambeau, violincello, is a Frenchman, and Alfred Pochon, second violin, is a Swiss. For eight years this quartet has been separated only in the two months' summer vacations. Their program for Friday night is as follows: Quartet in A Major, Op. 18, No. 5 (Beethoven); Allegro moderato, Assez vif, Tres rhyme, from Quartet in F (Giuseppe Sammartini, d. 1740); Interludium, Scherzo (Glazounow).

As was expected, the Belasco presentation of "The Third Degree" has proved such a popular offering that it will be continued a second week. This is the first time "The Third Degree," one of the most successful of modern plays, has ever been given by a stock company. As in all of his plays, Mr. Klein has chosen a present day subject—one that has created a great deal of discussion, namely, the third degree practiced by police in forcing confessions from suspects. While several members of the Belasco organization have acquitted themselves creditably, the most striking individual hits have been scored by Thomas MacLarnie in the role of Richard Brewster and Bessie Barriscale as the shop girl wife, who saves her young husband from prison. Following "The Third Degree," Miss Alice Johns, the new leading woman, and Harry Mestayer, one of the most popular actors that ever appeared on a local stage, will make their appearance in the first stock company presentation of "The Commuters."

Beginning with the usual Sunday matinee, the Burbank stock company will offer a big revival of the famous drama success, "David Harum," which will serve for the reappearance with the Burbank company of the favorite character comedian, John Burton, who will again be seen in the title role. William H. Crane achieved the biggest success of his entire career in this play, and in the west no one has ever played the part so successfully as John Burton, whose drawing of the York state banker, horse trader and philosopher stands among the most enjoyable characterizations that have been given to the local stage. Mr. Burton will be supported by every member of the big Burbank organization, and scenically the production will be of unusual merit—not forgetting the rain storm. Following "David Harum," Miss Muriel Starr, the new leading woman, will make her first appearance in the first stock company production of Charles T. Dazey's play, "The Stranger."

The Morality Play will have its introduction to Los Angeles at the Orpheum, beginning Monday matinee, April 15, when for the first time here will be presented "Everywife," George V. Hobart's satire on the oldtime dramatic presentation which delighted the middle ages. Mr. Hobart has taken the form of the old morality play, and given it a modern evolution. Twenty-two characters and four scenes are required in the production, which is the biggest ever made in vaudeville. The story concerns the

coming of Jealousy to Everywife and Everyhusband, who have lived with Happiness as a maid. A stray kiss and the lack of an explanation lead to disruption of the happy family, but finally Happiness comes back to dwell in the household. It is said to be sumptuously mounted and brilliantly costumed. Among other newcomers are McKay and Cartwell, presenting "A Breeze From Broadway." Mike Bernard, king of ragtime pianists and Amy Butler, comedienne form a team and George Simondet, late with the Paris Grand Opera company makes his vaudeville debut in classic selections. Holdovers are "Women I Have Met," by Mary Norman, Robert Haines in "The Coward," "Watson's Farmyard Circus," and Wilson Brothers in "Go Out." The orchestral music and the world's news in motion pictures complete the bill. Next week comes Charles Kellogg, the nature singer.

Beginning Sunday matinee, April 14, Fischer's Follies will put on the second week of "The Henpecks" at Fischer's Lyceum. It will positively be the last week of this production, which has been unusually successful, and has proved even more popular than the opening offering. It is stronger in comedy, affords a better chance to the principals and gives the chorus greater scope. May Boley is especially good, and her song, "Girls, keep your Figures," is a big hit. Texas Guinan in her dances and songs and in her many costumes—including a boy's attire—is also a strong favorite. Herbert Cawthorne as Mr. Henpeck takes advantage of a real chance, Bob Lett shines as an auburn-haired magician, and other members of the company have good scenes. There are twenty song hits, of the whistleable variety, and a large number of pretty dances. After this week the company will be seen in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," a genuine comic opera, which will reveal the Fischer Follies in a new guise. Many other late comedies are scheduled for early production.

"Madame Chery," the newest of the Ed Armstrong burlettas, will be the offering for the second week of the summer engagement of the Armstrong Follies Company, opening Sunday afternoon. It will be the policy of the new managers of the Grand to offer a new burletta every week. "Madame Chery" is a burlesque of "Madame Sherry" and is said to be funnier than the original. Ed Armstrong has written a new song, "When You're Broke," and Ethel Davis will introduce a new number, "Bring Back My Lovin' Man," which should prove a big attraction. Clara Howard will also have a special song, "The Rag Time Ball," and Bert Vincent will render, "I Want a Girl." Chorus girl contests will be held each Friday night in the future. The Baby Dolls revel in these evenings, which are of advantage to the public, since each chorus maid is bent on excelling her rival. The initial week of the company has proved that there is a place here for this sort of an attraction, for the attendance has been of record breaking proportions. Two shows will be given every night, and there will be matinees daily, except Mondays and Fridays.

Blanche Bates is a strong favorite in this city, which waits with anticipatory zest her coming to the Mason Opera House the week beginning April 22—with Saturday matinee only—in the comedy success, "Nobody's Widow," a histrionic departure diametrically opposite to anything Miss Bates has heretofore presented. In her support are to be found Bruce McRae, Adelaide Prince, Edith Campbell, and several other well known players.

Calve's appearance at The Auditorium Tuesday night, April 23, will be one of the events of the season. She will be assisted by the young tenor, Gallio Gasparri, and by Brahms Van der Berg, pianist-conductor. A second performance is planned for Saturday

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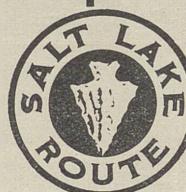
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afternoon, April 27. Not only will a concert program be given, but Calve and Gasparri will render selections from "Carmen" in costume.

Marguerite Torrey, who comes to The Auditorium April 17 as a classic dancer, is a California girl, her childhood having been passed in Pasadena, where she makes her home.

Mr. Julian Pascal, the English tone poet, will give a piano recital at Blanchard Hall Monday evening, April 15.

At The Auditorium Reginald Deming, the organist and pianist, will give a recital Monday evening, April 18.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.  
April 3, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that George W. Morrison, of Calabasas, Cal., who, on May 8, 1912, made Homestead Entry No. 11104, Serial, No. 08814, for NE $\frac{1}{4}$  SW $\frac{1}{4}$ , NW $\frac{1}{4}$  SE $\frac{1}{4}$ , Section 24, Township 1 N., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five years proof to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 15th day of May, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Reuber Holman, Thomas Velarde and Posey Horton, all of Calabasas, Cal.; Frank M. Allender, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

become his wife. Under the novel experience of unwanted happiness his muse awoke and helped him to strike the chords of the harp of life and human sympathy with a power that roused his countrymen. Then came unhappiness, divorce. Three times was the experiment tried, with unhappy results, which reconciled him to that solitude to which he belonged, partly by his birth and environment, partly by his own making. In the "Dream Play" the experiment of the lawyer and Indra's daughter, most enlightened and reasonable of creatures, would argue that not even a god could be happy and reasonable married—not so much because of fault in either as because of inherent differences of temperament in all persons, making repulsion the inevitable result of the intimacy of the relation. There is pity mixed with the scorn. This tragic division of lives, that would grow side by side, is emphasized in "The Link," where the child becomes a living bond that curses and is cursed. Because of this "link," through the process of the course in divorce proceedings, the parents incriminate and re-incriminate each other without mercy. There is the thought that in courts of law the innocent appear guilty and the guilty are declared innocent. This play is the shortest and most clearly cut in its lesson. Again in the "Dance of Death" husband and wife stab and claw at each other's vitals in the agonies of blind suffering—for which both appear to blame, and neither is responsible. Alice is the injured wife; Alice is the heartless cause of her husband's failure and dance with death. The captain is a noble man; the captain is a vampire. Curt and his son, Allen, and Judith mark a radical change in the mental and spiritual condition of Strindberg himself. It is the influence, probably, of Maeterlinck, and of the communings of the afternoon of life.

These "Plays," dramatically of secondary importance to their greater literary significance, offer endless themes for philosophical speculation, for character reading, for mystical interpretation, that place them with Ibsen's, Maeterlinck's, Shaw's and the productions of other similarly pessimistic realists. Scarcely a line but leads to a by-path of thought on the contradictory things of human existence—the seeming contravention of the laws of divine growth. But Strindberg has missed the glorious message of pain—the cheerful side of suffering. The reader must supply this. If he cannot he would better not gaze upon the powerful pictures of unhappiness drawn. Bjorkman has performed his task well and has done much in this volume to convince critical readers that he is right in claiming for Strindberg the title of "master-moulder of the Swedish tongue," and worthy of a place in the hall of literary fame. ("Plays by August Strindberg;" "The Dream Play," "The Link" and "The Dance of Death." Translated by Edwin Bjorkman. Charles Scribner's Sons).

P. R.

## Magazines of the Month

Featured in April Craftsman is an article by Gutzon Borglum entitled "The Betrayal of the People by a False Democracy." Laura S. Rabb has a short story, Barry Parker gives glimpses of "Country Homes in England," Charlotte Dyer and Charles Alma Byers offer dissertations on bungalows. Eva Madden tells of "The Vases of Hugo Elmquist," "Mrs. A. S. Hardy writes of "The Wild Gardens of California," the editor gives his conception of "The Meaning of Roosevelt's Candidacy," and there are a large number of editorially contributed articles as well as several graceful verses.

April's issue of "The Nautilus" finds a number of editorials by Elizabeth Towne occupying the principal place, and William Towne's Views and Re-

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views coming next in importance. Edwin Markham has a new poem, "Anchored to the Infinite," and there are other metrical outbursts by Rosa Meyers and Charles Hanson Towne. Orion Swett Marden writes of "The Habit of Visualizing our Desires," Annie Miltz is responsible for "The Renewal of the Body," and other features are "Limitless Receptivity," by Fred G. Kaessman, "Restless Woman, her Cause and Cure," by Winifred Harper Cooley, "Dress Characterization," by Caroline Albaugh, and the department features.

In the April West Coast Magazine, J. A. Graves writes of "The Southland's Evolution," from "jackrabbits to skyscrapers," illustrated with cuts of unusual interest. Major Ben C. Truman has one of his inimitable articles, "The Romance of the Abalone," and Charles F. Lummis is represented in "The Lion's Den," and also by a somber verse, "At Twilight." John S. McGroarty continues his "Kane of Liscarra," James Main Dixon has "Ireland Travestied in the Name of Art," Arthur Richard Hinton tells of "The Outrageous Anti-Chinese Laws," there are several short stories, verses, department contributions, etc.

April number of "Theosophical Path" abounds in striking illustrations, and a goodly number of special articles. Kenneth Morris has "Certain Welsh Traditions in the Light of the Secret Doctrine," H. T. Edge offers, "The Discovery of Pliocene Man," C. Woodhead has "Poetry and Dogma," and there are other articles such as "Studies in Orphism," by F. S. Darrow, "The Cosmic Elements and Their Evolution," by H. Travers, "Man's Abode Before the Glacial Period," "Why Do Theosophists Oppose Capital Punishment," by Gertrude van Pelt, a large number of anonymous and initialed contributions and magazine reviews, current topics discussions, and selected verse.

"The Green Bough," a timely Easter tale by Mary Austin, opens the April issue of The American Magazine. Zona Gale also has a new story, "The Two Carpenters," Clifford Raymond offers "The Bite of the Lamb," and other short stories are "Pink Tights and Ginghams," in Edna Ferber's best style, "Ernest and the Conspirators," by Inez Haynes Gillmore, and "The Proud White Mother," by James Oppenheim. In "Interesting People" is featured "Bill" Mulholland," an article by Meyer Lissner. Serious contributions are "Joseph Pulitzer," by Alleyne Ireland, "Utility," by Edmund Vance Cooke, "The Homeless Daughter," by Ida M. Tarbell, and "The Man in the Cage," by Julian Leavitt, while La Follette continues the story of his life, and H. G. Wells entangles his hero and heroine in "Marriage." Verse, editorial disquisitions on events of the month, and illustrations enliven the pages.

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## NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

014158

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.

March 15, 1912

NOTICE is hereby given that Joseph Gioia, whose postoffice address is No. 801 N. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal., did on the 1st day of November, 1911, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 014158, to purchase the S 1/2 SW 1/4, Section 15, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$200.00, the stone estimated at \$160.00, and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 4th day of June, 1912, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.

March 15, 1912

NOTICE is hereby given that George Addison Fremlin, of Calabasas, Cal., who, on February 19, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 11272, Serial No. 03920, for Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, Section 4, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 26th day of April, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses:  
Louis Oliviera, Jackson Tweedy, Thomas Dorf, all of Calabasas, Cal.; Jos Russell, of Newbury Park, Cal.

FRANK BUREN,  
Register.



# Stocks & Bonds

Led by the Stewart petroleums and the Doheny Mexicans, the market has shown considerable stability this week, with indications of still better things in sight for the future. Union is selling at 99 at this writing, with Union Provident and United States Petroleum not far in the rear. Mexican common, after reaching 59, has eased off a few points, but with indications for 60 in the near future, always, of course, barring the unexpected, due to unsettled political conditions beyond the Rio Grande.

Just what is wrong with Central the market cannot discover, except that the stock continues to slip, with not much better than \$1.50 as the real bid, in sight, and with shares offered freely at about \$1.75 as against \$1.92, the last public sales, about two months ago. Of course, one of these days Central will come back, but just when that will be no one appears willing to hazard a guess. Apparently, all buying power has been withdrawn from the market, and inside support is lacking entirely.

Western Union, the highest priced of the Santa Maria list, is being professionally worked downward, with indications that the shares may sell as low as 75, before the end has been reached. Associated is weak, and Rice Ranch is again being tilted the other way.

Among the cheaper oil issues California Midway is dead; Penn Midway is somewhat stronger; National Pacific may prove a purchase one of these days, although there is a prospect that the stock is to be again assessed in order to pay off more indebtedness.

In the industrial list the Edisons are being accumulated by insiders, an observation also applicable to L. A. Home common.

Bonds are not in demand for the time, while bank stocks continue firm although high prices appear to have reached the top for the time. First National, All Night and Day, Security Trust, and German American Savings are the favorites among this class of securities.

Mining stocks of the cheaper issues are again in demand by the speculative public, with indications that the San Francisco and New York boom in this class of securities is enroute this way. Bonnie Clare, at one time a favorite in this market, Consolidated Mines, and Johnnie, as well as several former well known Nevada metal issues, favorites of a few years ago, again are being heard from.

Privilege trading, sometime ago discontinued on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange, because of alleged illegality, may be resumed there, it having been discovered that such business is not contrary to law, after all. Its tendency is to act as a life-saver at times, when the public is not inclined to get into the market except through artificial coaxing.

Money conditions continue entirely satisfactory in banking and general financial circles.

#### Banks and Banking

Gradually, the town moves southward, especially so far as financial institutions are concerned. Announcement that the German-American Savings Bank, now located in the Hibern-

nian building, had leased the ground floor, basement and mezzanine floor of the new Union Oil building at Seventh and Spring did not come as a surprise, as it was known that the present quarters of the bank were cramped and that the management has been keeping an eye open for an auspicious site. Many modern devices for speed, accuracy and dispatch will be installed in the new quarters, which are to be artistically decorated and finished. It is probable that the first of December will find the bank in its new home.

Last Monday the "money trust" investigation began at Washington before a subcommittee of the banking and currency committee of the house. Frank Vanderlip of New York and Milton E. Ailes, a Washington banker, both former officials of the Treasury Department, probably will be witnesses. Another who may be called is former Secretary of the Treasury Leslie M. Shaw, now a Philadelphia banker. The committee also will take up, through Comptroller of the Currency Murray, the relations of the national government to banks. The comptroller's office has been requisitioned for a mass of statistical data which will enable the committee to get a line on the inter-locking directorates of the big financial and industrial institutions of the country. Representative Brown of West Virginia will preside at the earlier hearings because of the absence of Representative Pujo of Louisiana, of the committee.

Country banks, since April 1, have been drawing rather freely on the New York institutions, with a result that direct remittances to interior banks have become necessary. In March these transfers were made through subtreasury operations. Now, it seems probable that all remittances will have to be made direct. Eastern merchants are arranging to meet their spring settlement in the dry goods trade and these preparations indicate rather clearly that there is a larger volume of business in mercantile lines than the country has been given credit for.

One indication that the developments in the money market are chiefly of a temporary character is found in the fact that there has been no important change in the time loans rates so far. A continued outflow of gold to South America and an increased demand for funds at the interior may bring about a change in time money rates long. The developments in the New York call market in the circumstances indicate more of a shifting of credit brought about by the sudden depletion of the surplus reserves of the New York banks by the April 1 requirements rather than any developments of a more far-reaching character. Nevertheless, the banks are not disposed to make heavy offerings of time money on the terms now prevailing. This is true at the interior centers as well as in New York.

For the week ending April 4, Los Angeles bank clearings amounted to \$22,669,000, showing a gain of 18.7 per cent over the corresponding week of last year.

More than five hundred bankers are expected at the convention of the State Bankers' Association, which is to be held May 23 to 25 at Long Beach. One of the features of their entertainment is to be a barbecue at the Bixby ranch.

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OUR GAS  
IS THE FINEST FUEL KNOWN  
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TRY IT AT 80c PER THOUSAND!  
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## Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation

645 SOUTH HILL STREET.

#### Stock and Bond Briefs

Lordsburg is considering an election for the purpose of voting on a bond issue of \$35,000 for the construction of good roads between San Dimas, through Lordsburg and to Pomona, and in other districts.

Bids will be received up to 10 a. m. April 15 for the purchase of the Ramona Union High School bonds, San Diego county. The bonds are for \$10,500, of \$700 each, bearing 6% interest payable semi-annually.

William R. Staats Company of this city has acquired the Newport Beach school bonds for \$17,000 at a premium of \$725.

By a three to one vote, Sawtelle has authorized the issuance of \$20,000 school bonds for the erection of a new building and for improvements on the present building.

Sealed bids will be received up to 2 p. m. May 6, for the purchase of the Long Beach School district bonds in the sum of \$100,000, bonds of \$1000 each, bearing 4½% interest.

Oxnard voters have authorized the issue of bonds of \$130,000—\$100,000 for the water plant and \$30,000 for a municipal lighting system.

Yerba Linda School district will vote April 20 on the issuing of \$10,000 in school bonds, to be of \$1,000 each, bearing 5% interest.

If Orange county voters approve, bonds will be issued for the building of ten or twelve bridges and also for the erection of a county poor farm and hospital.

Los Angeles soon may be called upon for a school bond vote, since the board of education has discovered that Castelar street school is in need of additional buildings, and that several other districts required more space and facilities.

Santa Barbara will vote May 22 on the question of issuing a franchise to the Edison people, and at the same time a special tax levy will be voted upon, amounting to \$35,000, for street and bridge work.

Long Beach will probably call an election to vote \$50,000 in bonds for the construction of a pier at Devil's Gate, as petitions are in circulation containing a request for such a proceeding.

Claremont will soon hold a bond election on the question of issuing 65,000 for the purchase of a water system and \$35,000 for other improvements.

Bids will probably be opened May 2 for the purchase of Santa Barbara's water tunnel extension bonds in the amount of \$30,000. Carpinteria Union School district has issued bonds for \$33,000, of \$1,000 each, and bids will be received up to 10 a. m., May 6.

By a small majority Venice carried the bond election for the issuing of \$43,000; \$20,000 for extending the outfall sewer, and \$23,000 for a garbage incinerator.

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#### Accidents Unnecessary

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,  
March 6, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Jacob H. Richter, of Sawtelle, Cal., who, on April 14, 1910, made Homestead Entry No. 010181, for  $\frac{1}{2}$  SE $\frac{1}{4}$ , NW $\frac{1}{4}$ , SE $\frac{1}{4}$ , SW $\frac{1}{4}$  NE $\frac{1}{4}$ , Section 10, Township 1 S., Range 20 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 16th day of April, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Lois E. McBride, of Sawtelle, Cal.; Charles Farrow, of Sawtelle, Cal.; Frank Slet, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Henry Mundell, of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

# GOLD NOTES

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Determined By the Strength  
of the Issuing Comany*

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Gold Notes are issued for \$100, \$200, and up to \$5,000. They pay six per cent interest for large and small amounts alike.

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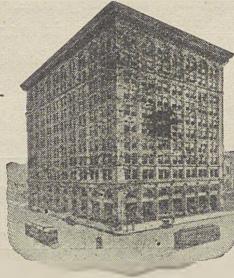
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Capital, \$1,500,000.  
Surplus and Profits, \$700,000.

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK  
401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth

W. A. BONYNGE, President.  
NEWMAN, ESSICK, Cashier.  
Capital, \$200,000.  
Surplus & Undivided Profits, \$50,000.

FARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK  
Corner Fourth and Main

I. W. HELLMAN, President.  
V. H. ROSETTI, Cashier.  
Capital, \$1,500,000.  
Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK  
S. E. Cor. Second and Spring

J. M. ELLIOTT, President.  
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.  
Capital Stock, \$1,250,000.  
Surplus and Profits, \$1,625,000.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK  
M. S. E. Cor. Third and Spring

W. H. HOLLIDAY, President.  
J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier.  
Capital, \$200,000.  
Surplus and Profits, \$800,000.

NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA  
N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring

J. E. FISHBURN, President.  
H. S. MCKEE, Cashier.  
Capital, \$500,000.00.  
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE  
IN LOS ANGELES  
N. E. Cor. Second and Main

F. M. DOUGLAS, President.  
H. J. STAVE, Cashier.  
Capital, \$300,000.  
Surplus, \$25,000.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK  
S. E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway

S. F. ZOMBRO, President.  
JAMES B. GIST, Cashier.  
Capital, \$300,000.00.  
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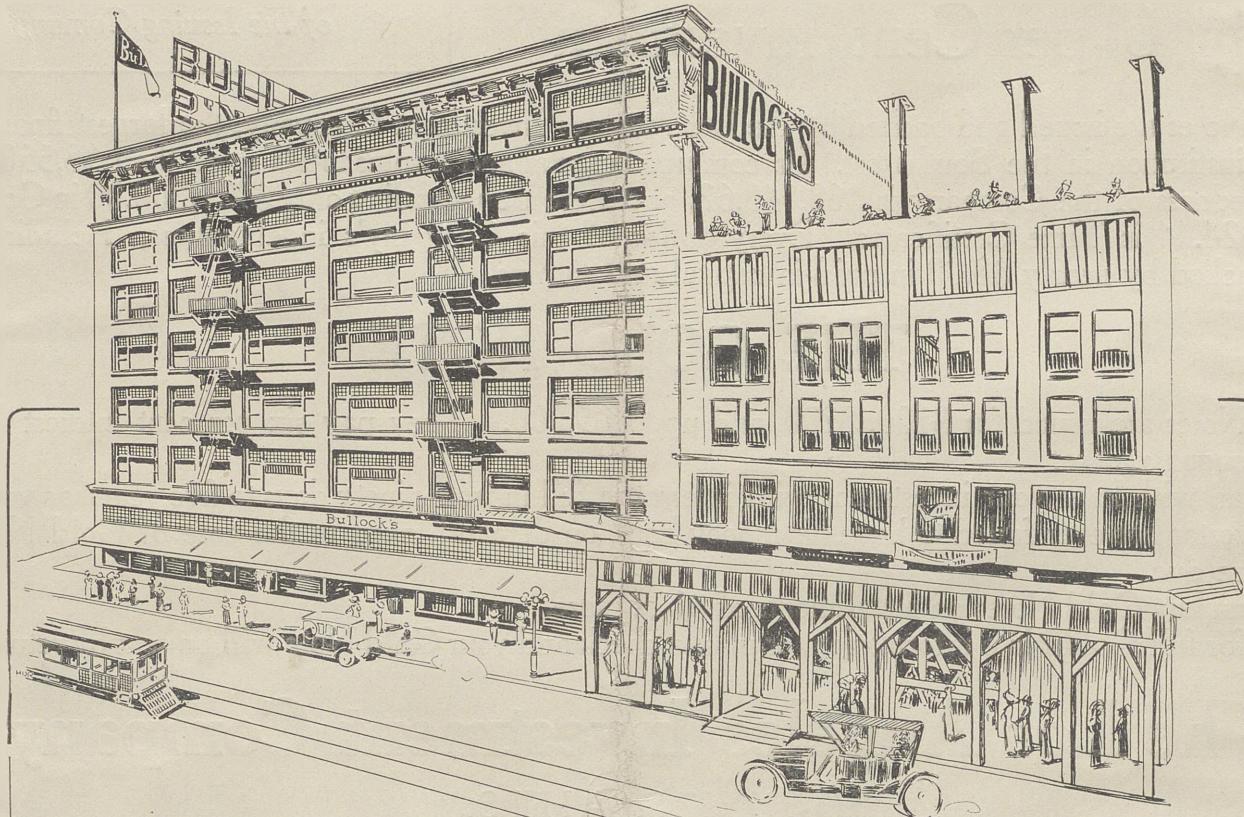
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## This is Bullock's —the Building

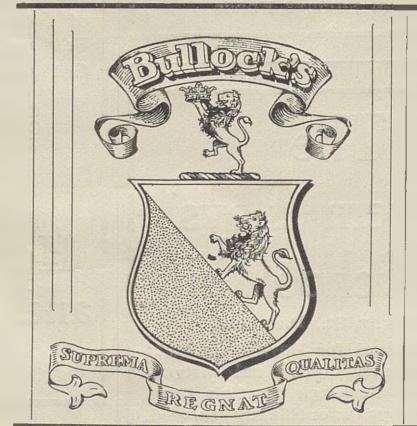
—Occupied March 4, 1907.

—Becoming more and more inadequate every day as the home of

### Bullock's, the Business

that is making such a wonderful growth, by striving earnestly to secure "the satisfaction of every customer."

—Work is being rushed—so that we may have at the earliest possible moment the help of that great new building that is to join us in making Bullock's as good a store as a store can be.



(From drawing made recently, showing work that had been done in removing the north building at that time. Since then great progress has been made.)

## “It Seems a Shame to Tear Down Such a Splendid Building”

—More than one man has expressed himself similarly in the past few days.

—It is a shame, from one standpoint, to utterly destroy and remove a 6-story and basement, Class B structure that is barely 7 years old—and that cost over \$100,000.

—But it is a necessity—from more than one standpoint—

—Los Angeles is growing.

—Bullock's is growing.

—And the business is to have a building that will meet its demands—a magnificent Class A, steel frame structure will be erected—in perfect architectural harmony with and continuous with the original Bullock's on every floor—

—Every modern device will be installed—

—New arrangements of Departments will be made—looking always to the convenience of Bullock customers—and to the development and improvement of Bullock service.

—211 feet Frontage on Broadway—where the store had but 140 feet—at its Opening 5 years ago—

—Opportunity looms large.